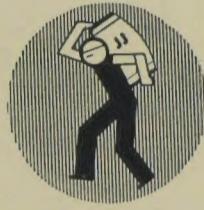


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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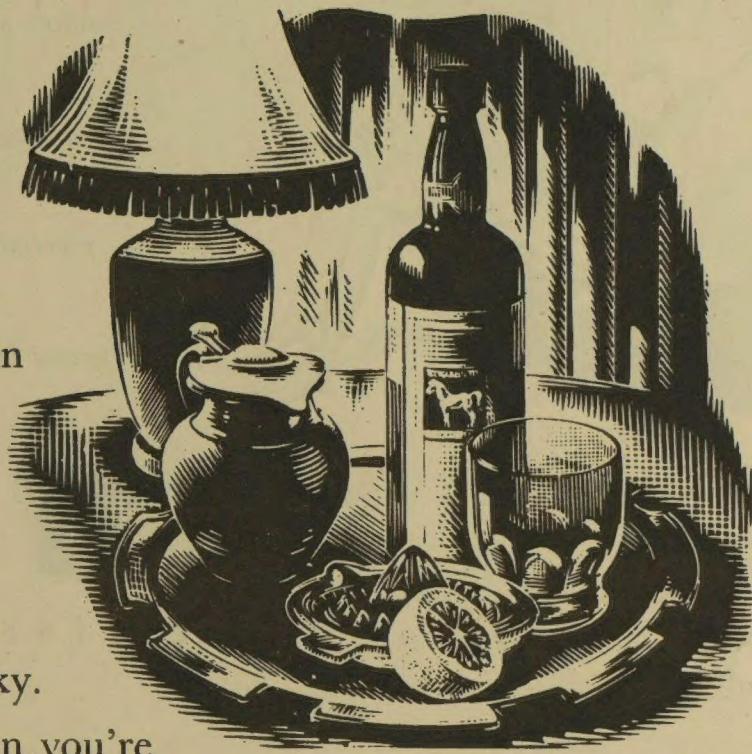
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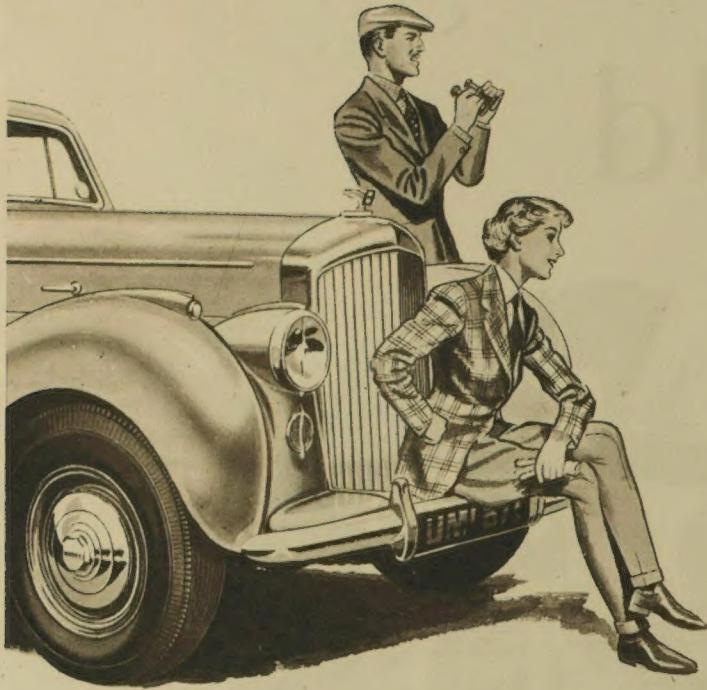
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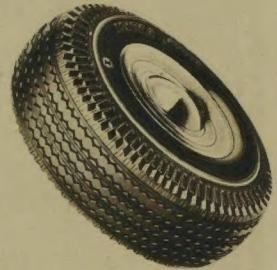
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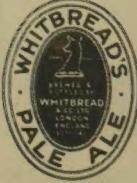
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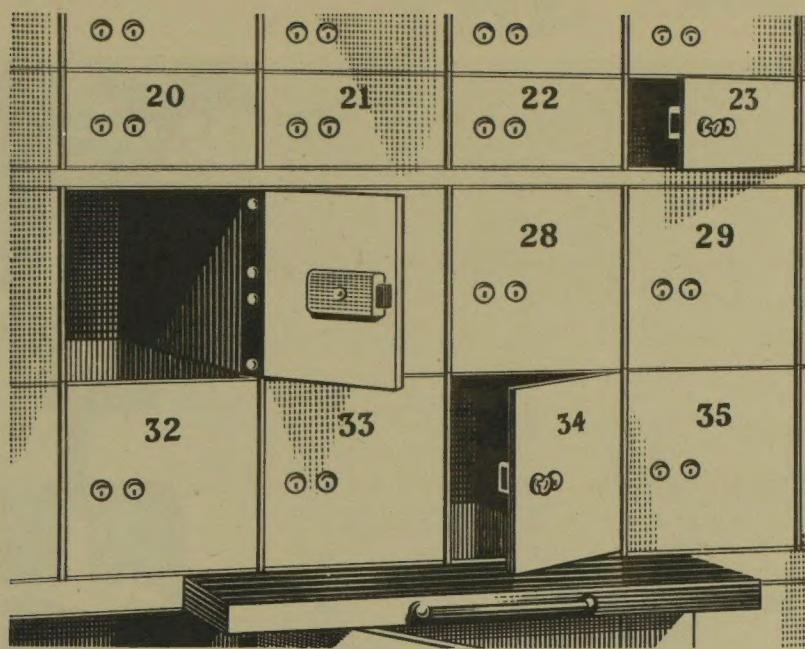
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1954.



THE QUEEN ARRIVES IN AUSTRALIA: HER MAJESTY BEING PIPED OVER THE SIDE AS, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, SHE LEFT THE GOthic IN SYDNEY HARBOUR ON FEBRUARY 3.

February 3, 1954, will be a never-to-be-forgotten date in Australia's history, for on that day H.M. Queen Elizabeth arrived in Sydney, and came ashore from the Royal barge at Farm Cove, the first British ruling Sovereign ever to set foot on Australian soil. It was at Farm Cove that the first Governor of New South Wales, Captain Phillips, landed rather more than a century and a half ago. Scenes of wild enthusiasm greeted the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the end of

their thousand-mile voyage from New Zealand when the *Gothic* entered Sydney Harbour at 8 a.m. local time. The ship moved to an anchorage flanked by an armada of small craft, and at 10.40 the Queen stepped ashore from the Royal barge, to be greeted by the Governor-General, Sir William Slim; the Governor of New South Wales, Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott; the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and the State Premier, Mr. Cahill.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE swallow does not, of course, make a summer. Yet one should be grateful for small mercies and, whenever I hear of high public virtue of an imaginative kind in the great centralised bureaucratic machine that rules our lives—and (to use an Americanism) how!—I rejoice. It is not, perhaps, often that it occurs, but it does sometimes and, when it does, those responsible are entitled to the fullest measure of praise from those whose business it is to record or comment on public events. And though one can seldom rise from the reading of the national Press on Sunday with anything but dismay and despondency, last Sunday was for me an exception! For there, in a leading article in one of our most popular journals, I read the following:

Lights are on, fires are burning at British Electricity House in London. Anything strange about that?

Just this: in the cold spells of recent winters you might have found Lord Citrine, chairman of the British Electricity Authority, and his principal executives working at their desks in their overcoats.

For they had a self-imposed rule: no electric fires to be switched on if power cuts were operating anywhere in Britain.

These last few days Britain has been experiencing the severest frosts since the great Shinwell freeze-up seven years ago. But there have been no deliberate power cuts. And there was no need for overcoats at Electricity House.

Give credit to Lord Citrine and his B.E.A. for their achievement. Here at least is one nationalised industry that serves the nation well.*

I couldn't agree more. And even, I think, better than the news of the B.E.A.'s fine achievement is that of the noble and imaginative discipline that Lord Citrine and his chief assistants imposed upon themselves. I ought, I suppose, to have heard of it before, but I hadn't. And, as some of those who read this page may not have heard of it either, it seems an act of elementary gratitude and common courtesy to record it. That is the way that those who govern men and nations should behave. They should lead by being the first to make the sacrifices and effort that they ask of others. Would that it were always so!

This, too, I think, must explain why the service of the British Electricity Authority has been so much more satisfactory than that which we are accustomed to receive from many of the other ruling organisations, statutory or otherwise, that control our lives in the mid-twentieth-century Welfare State. Since it has been nationalised, the B.E.A., so far as my own personal worm's-eye view of its activities goes, has displayed all the virtues that one used to expect and receive from the best kind of private enterprise. It presumably, therefore, combines the advantages of nationalisation—whatever these may be—and private capitalism. It is, within my own experience in two widely separated districts, prompt, business-like and efficient. Its employees, at all levels, are courteous, considerate and helpful; they behave, not like masters of the public, but like its servants. The speed and uncomplaining discipline with which they act in an emergency is most impressive; on more than one occasion I have seen working parties of engineers in the employment of its Southern Region arrive in the middle of the night, in a remote place, during a storm that would do credit to the most realistic production of "King Lear," and labour patiently for hours to enable twenty or thirty cows in an isolated cow-shed to be milked at dawn, continuing on their way immediately afterwards, without rest and with only the hastiest refreshment, to relieve the emergency of some other farmer in a like plight. The officers of the Authority, I have found, are always ready to give information—so unlike those of many statutory bodies who, in their dealings with the public, often adopt the same kind of remote and uncommunicative aloofness as the worst sort of eighteenth-century duke! And they deal with the problems of their clients with an elasticity and comparative absence of bureaucratic rigidity that I have repeatedly remarked and admired. I perceive now to what it is due. It must spring

in a great measure from the leadership and sense of public obligation of Lord Citrine. It makes me realise all the more the good sense and wisdom of that much-abused but selfless servant of England, the late Earl Baldwin, who, thirty years ago, when Walter Citrine was one of the leaders of the T.U.C., at the time of the General Strike, persisted, against the advice of some of his colleagues, in treating those leaders, not as conspirators trying to bring about a revolution and the overthrow of the State, but as honourable men of good intent who had placed themselves in an untenable position from which they should be allowed to retreat in peace and with honour. Indeed, the present Lord Citrine is not the only one of those men, once aligned against the Government of their country, who have since done their country the greatest service. The portrait of another hangs in the Foreign Office and will hang there for ever beside the portraits of Britain's most eminent Foreign Secretaries. "Magnanimity in politics," said Burke, "is not seldom the truest wisdom."

The pity of it is that so few of those in high place to-day seem to possess the imagination to act as Lord Citrine and his chief assistants have done. They direct the nation's battle not from the front but from the rear. Whatever their private virtues and industry—and they are usually very considerable—they set no example that can communicate itself readily to the great mass whom they serve and direct. They give orders in remote solitude, buttressed behind an impenetrable barrier of clerks and regulations.

They insist, with an icy ruthlessness, on the observance of their formulas—against which they allow no question or appeal—yet never seem to consider the operations of human nature. They make no allowances for anyone else's will but their own; usually themselves the kindest and most humane of men, they are, in their rule of society through departmental ukase, tyrants; and often, I have observed, unjust tyrants. They remind a historian of Philip II. of Spain in the Escorial. And, as we are beginning to perceive, the results of their remote and unalterable rules and rigidities are much the same as his. Twenty years ago, writing of Pepys's visit to Spain, a century after Philip's time, I described how that shrewd observer—the father, as we now hold, of our Civil Service—noted with admiration, natural in a visitor from the rough-and-ready England of the seventeenth century, the meticulous observance of bureaucratic rule with which everything in autocratic Spain was done.

Yet he saw, too, its dangers: dangers even



THE BERLIN FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE IN SESSION IN THE SOVIET EMBASSY, IN THE RUSSIAN SECTOR: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DELEGATES DURING THE SECOND WEEK OF THEIR DISCUSSIONS.

The Four-Power Conference meeting on February 1 was the first to be held in the Russian Sector, and our photograph shows the scene with the delegates seated round the circular table, the middle of which bears a stand on which the flags of Great Britain, France, the United States and the Soviet Union are placed so as to indicate the position of the different groups of delegates. In the centre background, just to the right of the British flag, is Mr. Anthony Nutting, British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in profile, turning to the left. Next to him (right) is Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, turning right to speak to Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh, his Principal Private Secretary. Between them and just behind is Mr. Gerald Fitzmaurice, Legal Adviser to the Foreign Office (designated K.C.M.G. in the New Year's Honours); and to the right of Mr. Shuckburgh is Sir Frank Roberts, Deputy Under-Secretary, Foreign Office. The Russian delegates are on the right foreground, with Mr. Molotov clearly shown in profile. In the left foreground are the U.S. delegates. Mr. Dulles is third from the centre, reading from right to left, but only the very top of his head is visible. The French group is on the left in the background. M. Bidault's forehead may just be distinguished above the top of Mr. Dulles's head. Photographs of rooms in the Soviet Embassy appear on another page.

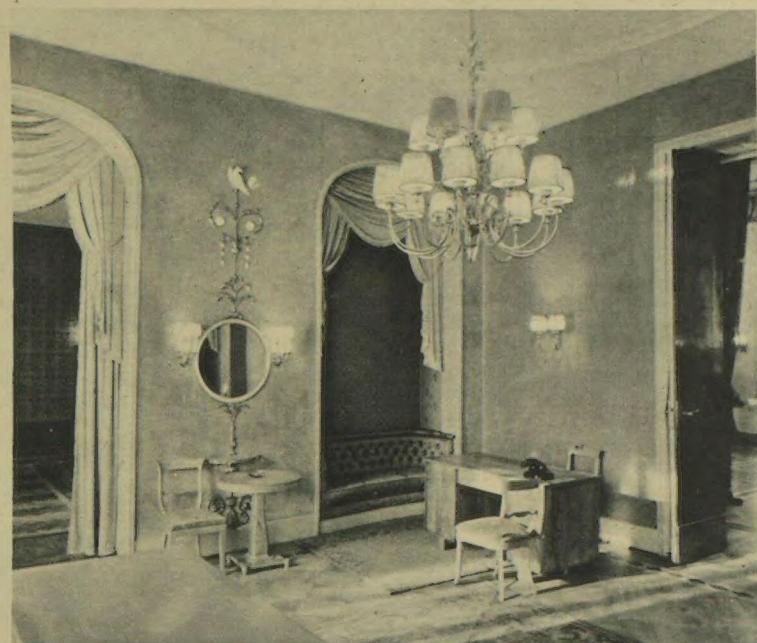
greater, which he would now see in the great ruling public service that he helped to found in this country. "In all this," I wrote, "there were signs of the stately paralysis which for a century past had been sapping the giant strength of Spain. That bright genius that had flowered so swiftly and wonderfully was being atrophied by the innate Moorish passion for outward forms and symbols. Slow-moving pride and dead precedent now reigned in every department of government. It was part of the inevitable process of decay through which all empires pass—the hour when honour is paid alone to the holder of office and not to the doer of work, when the fire and rhythm of speech is neglected for grammar and spelling, when men base their actions not on their instinct and conviction but on the precedents established for them by others." And in the 1950's this seems even truer of our present state than it was in the 1930's.

"Pepys was not deceived by the splendid formalism of Spain, though he compared it, as was natural in a pioneer of bureaucracy in a young empire, a little enviously with the vigorous, rough-and-ready mode of his own untrammelled countrymen. He saw straight through the pompous pretences of Spanish public life to the inefficient reality behind them." And the essence of that inefficiency lay, as it lies in modern England—or, as my Scottish and Welsh readers prefer it to be called, Britain—in the fatal fallacy that has vitiated the work of so many of mankind's would-be rulers: that men can be led to great achievement merely by giving them orders and that the only contact between ruler and ruled should be the duty of unquestioning obedience to authority.

THE CONFERENCE VENUE IN EAST BERLIN: THE SOVIET EMBASSY.



DECORATED WITH FLAGS OF THE FOUR NATIONS, AND FLOODLIT: THE EXTERIOR OF THE SOVIET EMBASSY, UNTER DEN LINDEN, EAST BERLIN, DURING A MEETING OF THE FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE.



SHOWING THE SIMPLE STYLE OF THE FURNITURE, AND THE HUGE CHANDELIER: THE BRITISH ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE SOVIET EMBASSY.



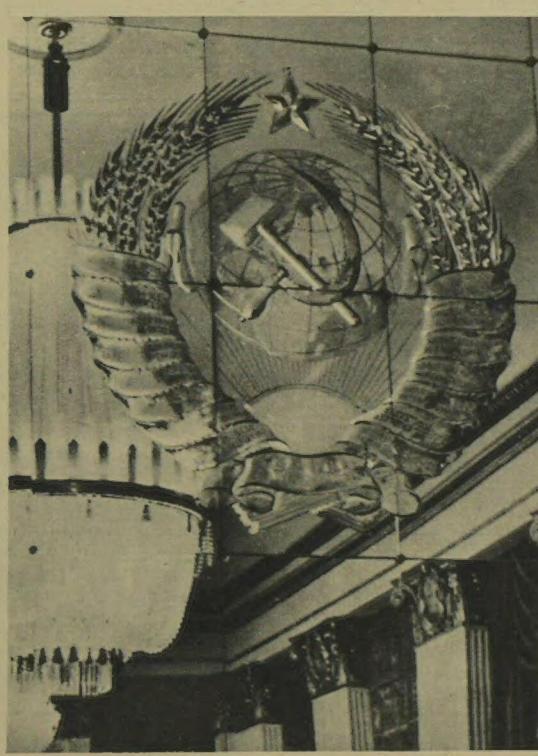
LIT BY ENORMOUS CRYSTAL CHANDELIRS: THE PILLARED STATE DINING-ROOM, WITH ITS MAGNIFICENT PARQUET FLOOR.



SHOWING THE GREAT MARBLE DOUBLE STAIRCASE, AND THE BUSTS OF STALIN (RIGHT) AND LENIN (LEFT) AT THE HEAD OF THE TWO FLIGHTS: THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE SOVIET EMBASSY.



BEARING A VIEW OF THE KREMLIN: THE STAINED-GLASS WINDOW AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.



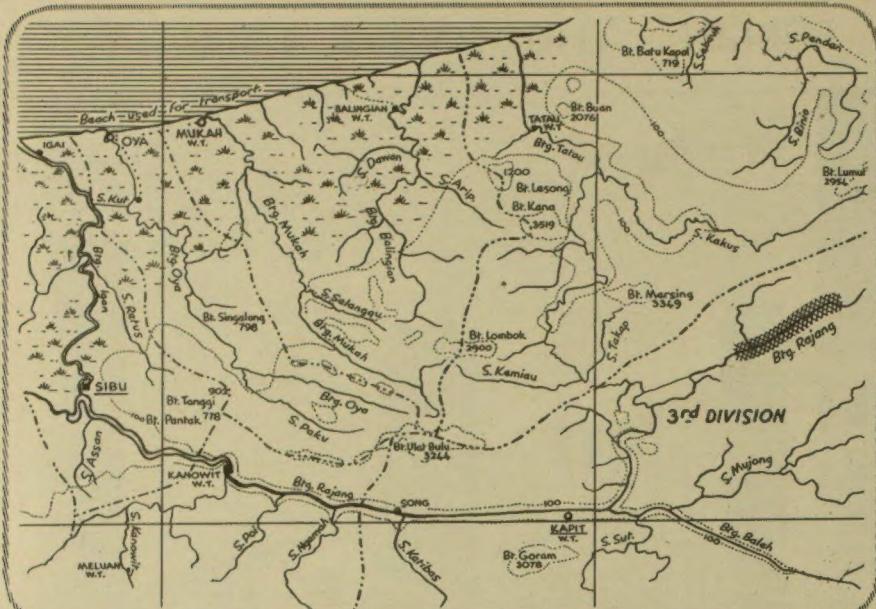
SHOWING THE HAMMER AND SICKLE IT BEARS: A VIEW OF THE DINING-ROOM MIRROR WALL.



WITH A SOVIET GUARD STANDING BESIDE IT: THE MARBLE OVER-LIFE-SIZE BUST OF STALIN.

The Four-Power Berlin Conference held its second week's meetings in the Soviet Embassy, Unter den Linden, East Berlin. The room where the conference met (a session is shown in progress on another page) is a large two-storied saloon, 65 ft. long, on the left-hand side of the central tower. Separated from the conference room by a great hall with eighteen marble columns is the state dining-room. The entrance hall is in highly grandiose style, with a wide marble staircase dividing into two flights. At the top of one stands an over-life-size white marble bust of Stalin, on a massive plinth, and opposite is a similar bust of Lenin. At the top of the stairs, giving on to the balcony landing, is a large stained-glass window

which bears a view of the Kremlin. The dining-room has, at one end, a mirror wall on which is engraved an enormous Hammer and Sickle, on a map of the world, surrounded by a wreath of ears of corn, and surmounted by the Soviet Star. Before the opening of the Conference (which had its first meeting in East Berlin on February 1) an army of painters, street cleaners and gardeners was mobilised to furnish up the great rooms and to set the surroundings of the Embassy in order. Bombed sites and pavements were tidied up and given a decorative air with coloured gravel. The Conference building in the Western Sector is guarded by British, French and U.S. troops; and the Soviet Embassy, by Russian troops.



A MAP OF CENTRAL SARAWAK, SCALE APPROXIMATELY 1:1,400,000. THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' OPERATIONAL AREA IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT WITH HATCHING.

IN sending us the photographs on this and the facing page Captain F. P. C. Feilmann writes: " 'Ubique' (everywhere) is an all-embracing word, but it is justly and proudly worn as their motto by the Royal Engineers. There can be few parts of the world to which they have not carried it, sometimes in war, sometimes in peace. This is the story of its appearance, a peaceful one indeed, in the remote interior of Sarawak. The bare facts read like something by Henty. A group of young Sappers going up a far-off tropical river in prahus (Sarawak boats) albeit sometimes propelled by outboard motors, and seeing at every bend of the river something new and strange; helped

ange, helped
[Continued opposite.]



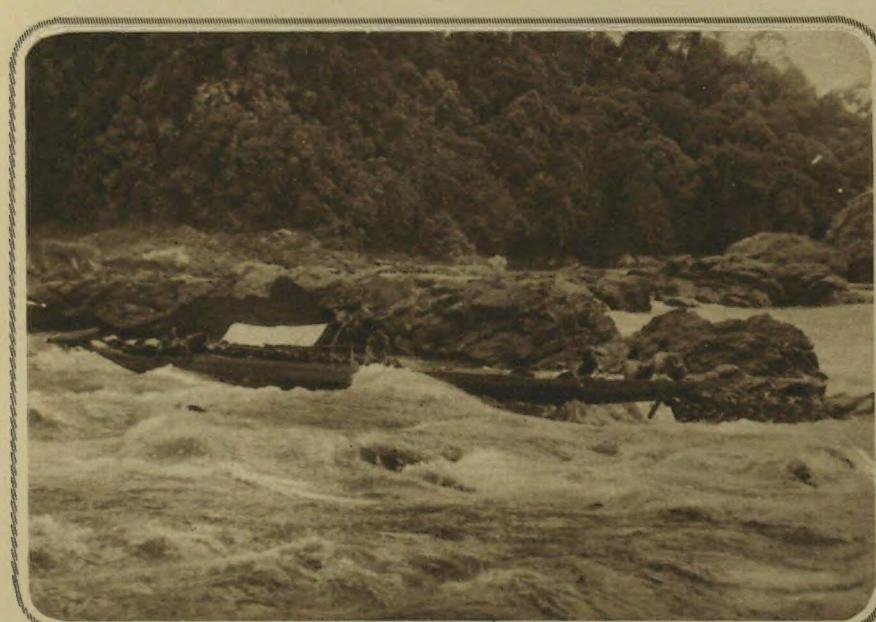
A PRAHU TRAVELLING AT SPEED DOWN THE RAJANG RIVER BEFORE THE SAPTERS HAD CLEARED THE CHANNELS BY BLASTING AWAY ROCKS.



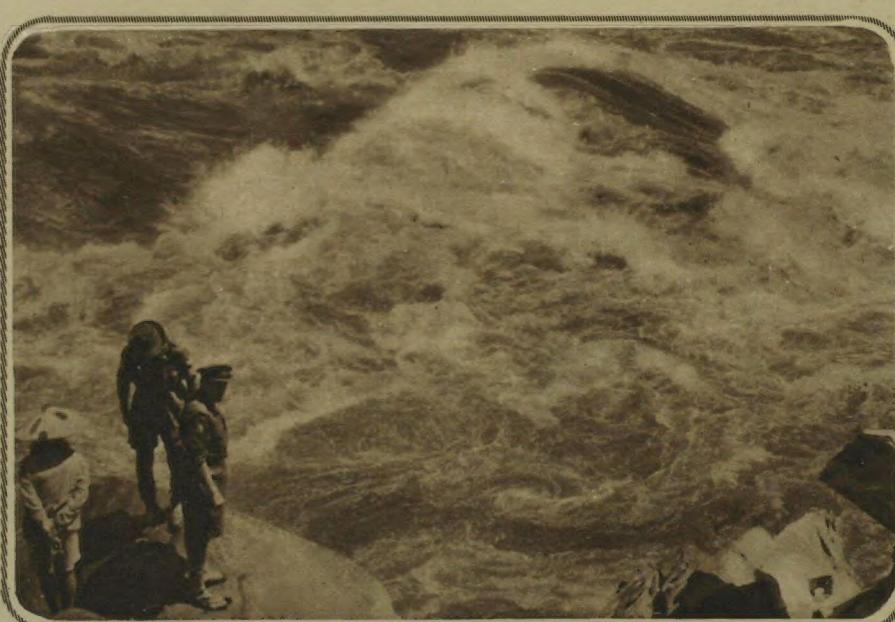
PUNTING ON THE RAJANG: A SARAWAK PRAHU BEING POLED UP THE RIVER THROUGH TURBULENT BUT SAFE WATERS. THE WOMEN'S DRESS INDICATES THAT THEY ARE BOUND FOR A FEAST.

Continued.]
by and helping the Dyaks and other local peoples; setting up camps by the side of roaring rapids at the edge of the dark, mysterious jungle. And . . . getting on with the job. For they had a job to do. It is most aptly described as 'aiding the civil authority' in its best sense. Not against the ravages or riots of man, but against the tremendous forces of nature. The Rajang River rises in the hills of the interior and finds its way to the sea on the west coast of Sarawak. As in all undeveloped countries, it forms an important highway for the native population, the Sea Dyaks, Kayans and others. Throughout much of its length the river is placid and safely navigable. In its higher

[Continued below.]



THE HAZARDS OF NAVIGATION IN RAPIDLY-RUSHING WATERS STREWN WITH ROCKS, MANY OF THEM JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE: A PRAHU NEGOTIATING THE RAPIDS.



ONE OF THE DANGERS ENCOUNTERED IN PASSING UP AND DOWN THE RIVER
WATER IN TURMOIL OVER A CONCEALED ROCK IN THE RAPIDS.

REMOVING NAVIGATIONAL HAZARDS IN THE RAJANG RIVER: THE SAPPERS IN SARAWAK.

Continued.] reaches, however, there are rapids, rock-studded, through which the water roars, forming dangerous barriers to the passage of the prahus. One mistake on the part of the paddlers or steersman and disaster swoops. But no longer does this menace exist. It was to clear channels through these dangerous rapids that our young men went to Sarawak. They were a detachment of the Singapore Engineer Regiment. National Service soldiers were slightly in the majority and included

the leader of the second party, 2nd Lieut. K. G. Jones, R.E. The first party, led by Lieut. E. G. Brinsley, R.E., had rather bad luck. In May 1953 they went out and did the preliminary work of setting up camps at Pasir Nai. The river was then in spate and there was little they could do but wait for it to fall. The actual work of drilling and blasting was naturally dependent upon low water. But they did not waste their time. They made contact with the

[Continued on right, centre.]



WRAPPING UP FOOD IN STRIPS OF LEAF WHICH WILL FIRST BE OFFERED TO THE SPIRITS: DYAK GIRLS PREPARING A FEAST.

Continued.]
local people and laid a firm foundation of the friendship and co-operation which were to stand them in good stead. Then, in June, the water-level fell rapidly. Where there had been nothing but a tumbling waste of water appeared a forest of jagged rocks towering above the rushing torrent. Drilling began, with the aid of compressors which were mounted in large prahus. The holes to take the charges were 2 ins. in diameter and 8 ft. deep. When the charges had been fired the Ibans (Sea Dyaks) set to with a will to clear the débris and push the larger fragments

(Continued opposite.)



DYAK WOMEN IN CEREMONIAL COSTUME BEATING DRUMS AND GONGS WHICH SUPPLY THE MUSIC FOR A DANCE AT A FEAST.



DISHES OF FOOD BEING LAID OUT BEFORE BEING OFFERED TO THE SPIRITS AT A FEAST: TO SUCH A FEAST MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEER DETACHMENT WERE WELCOME AND HONOURED GUESTS.

Continued.]
into the deep water. All was going 'according to plan' when suddenly the river rose again as rapidly as it had previously fallen and brought work to a standstill. But the work done so far had not been wasted. Many valuable lessons had been learned. The first detachment returned to Singapore. The second detachment, primed with the knowledge gained by the first, went out in mid-July and by early September, when the weather again broke, had cleared channels in the three main rapids. The work was arduous and not without its exciting side. One party was nearly lost when their

[Continued below.]



A DYAK GIRL WEARING A CEREMONIAL DRESS AND HEAD-RESS MADE FOR THE MOST PART OF BEADS.



WEARING THE TRADITIONAL "SURAT," OR LOIN-CLOTH, AND CARRYING HIS SPEAR: A YOUNG IBAN (SEA DYAK).

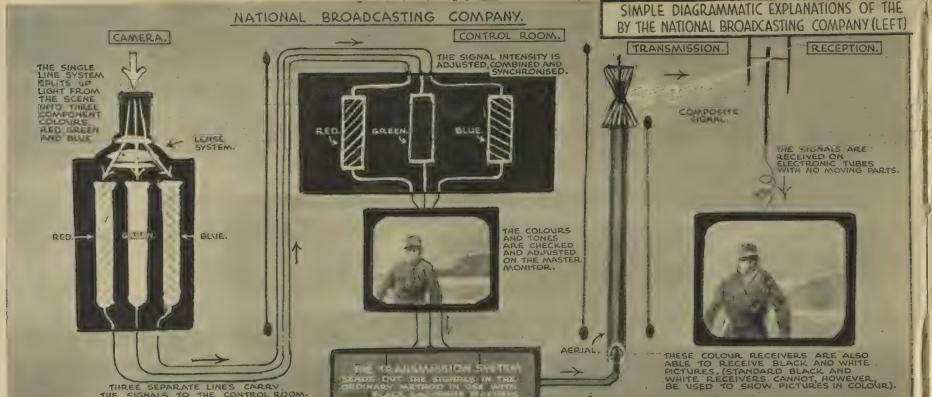


IN A MAGNIFICENT LEOPARD-SKIN COAT EDGED WITH GOAT-HAIR: A PUNYAN FROM ABOVE THE BELAGER DISTRICT.

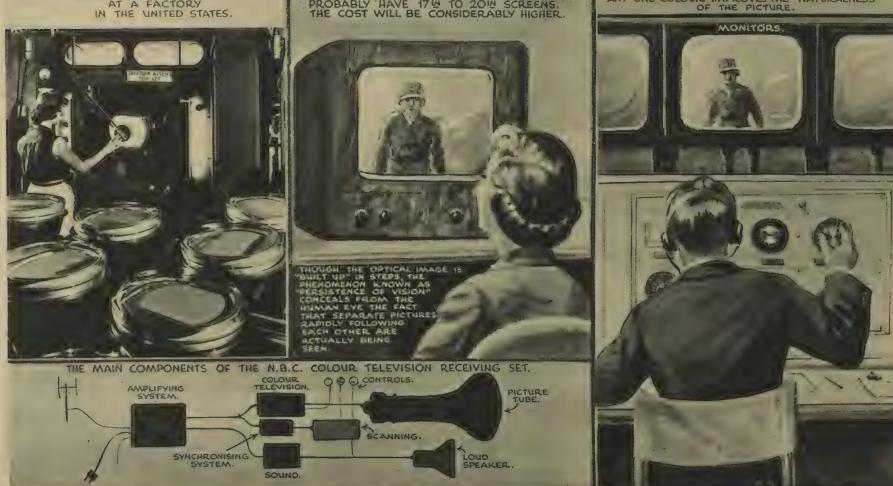
IN THE HEART OF SARAWAK: HOSTS OF A ROYAL ENGINEERS' DETACHMENT.

Continued.]
outboard motor elected to fail in the rapids. Skilful handling of the craft by the Dyaks saved the situation. On another occasion a compressor prahu broke away from its coupling and disappeared from sight down the rapids. Again the Dyaks came to the rescue and retrieved the truant. During their stay in Sarawak the Engineers were lavishly entertained by the friendly and hospitable Sea Dyaks and the peoples of Belager. These live in what are called 'Long Houses,' and here they hold their entertainments. The excellent

food was accompanied by the local drink, Tuack. This is a wine prepared from the locally-grown rice. High in popularity on the list of entertainments was the Dyak dancing and singing. Bronzed, happy and contented with leaving a job well done, but regretting the parting from their kind hosts, the detachment returned to Singapore. None of them will forget or regret this break in routine. For them both their Corps motto and the slogan, 'Join the Army and see the world,' will have a lasting and special significance."



TRI-COLOUR TELEVISION PICTURE TUBES IN PRODUCTION AT A FACTORY IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF COLOUR TELEVISION: DRAWINGS SHOWING TWO AMERICAN SYSTEMS

In the United States of America the way has now been opened to large production and ultimate widespread transmission of colour television by the formal approval given on December 17, 1953, by the Federal Communications Commission to a system of colour T.V. which can be received in black and white by existing sets. This system was developed by the National Television System Committee, a group in which nearly all the major manufacturers co-operated. Above we show diagrams, drawn by our Special

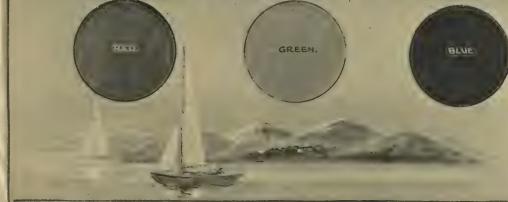
Artist, which illustrate the workings of two of the systems as evolved by the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System. The National system adopted follows closely that of the N.B.C. The C.B.S. method failed to get general acceptance for two reasons: (a) it could not be received even in black and white on existing sets without the addition of extra equipment; and (b) it involved the use of the old revolving wheel scanner inside the receiver, with all its difficulties of synchronization.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

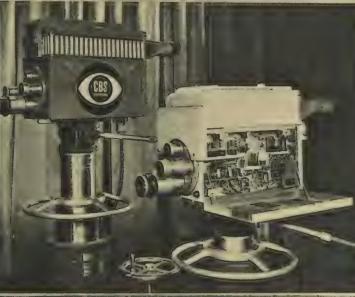
ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

WORKING OF COLOUR TELEVISION AS TRANSMITTED AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM (RIGHT).

THE COLOUR IMAGES ARE BUILT FROM THREE MAIN TONES WHICH ARE SCIENTIFICALLY MIXED TO PRODUCE THE SCENE IN NATURAL COLOURS.



THE NEW CHROMACODER COLOUR TELEVISION CAMERA (RIGHT) OF THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM COMPARED WITH A STANDARD BLACK AND WHITE TELEVISION CAMERA.



AN OUTDOOR SCENE SUCH AS SHOWN ABOVE HAS TO BE "MIXED" VERY CAREFULLY SO THAT THE CONTRASTING TONES RETAIN THEIR VALUE.

STUDIO LIGHTING MUST BE FROM THREE TO FIVE TIMES MORE INTENSE THAN WHEN TRANSMITTING IN BLACK AND WHITE, OTHERWISE SHOULD AN ACTOR STEP INTO ANOTHER'S SHADOW HIS FACE MAY SUDDENLY TURN GREEN.



OF TRANSMITTING PICTURES IN COLOUR WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL.

requires no extra fittings for receiving in black and white—it is all electronic and a receiver can be adapted to receive colour pictures. The first colour black and white receiver cannot be used for showing pictures in colour. It is expected that, in the early days of production, the cost of sets to receive pictures in colour will vary from about £150 to £500. On these pages we only attempt to show the broader principles of the methods employed in sending colour pictures by radio. The first coast-to-coast transmission of colour television in America took place

on November 3, when N.B.C. transmitted a programme of live performances and a musical comedy show, "The Hall of the Mountain King," and the first commercial T.V. programme ("Gian Carlo Menotti's opera, 'Amahl and the Night Visitors,'") was also transmitted by N.B.C. In this country the production of colour television is likely to be delayed for a year or two. The main difficulty at the present is that British wave-length channels are too narrow and will not carry sufficient colour information.

MANY of our wars start badly, for reasons which have often been described. The Second World War, however, did worse than start badly. Phases of it continued to go badly for a long time. In this respect it perhaps resembled most closely the wars against the French revolutionary and imperial power a century and a half ago. In them we were thrice ejected from the Low Countries and Sir John Moore's army was, at quite a late stage, ejected from the Iberian Peninsula. With this may be compared our ejection from France in the later war, followed by ejection from Greece, Crete, Libya, Malaya and Burma. Another resemblance is the manner in which our alliances were broken up and our allies brought down. The First World War had its Gallipoli and its Kut, but, though the main phase started with a heavy defeat, it did not start with a great disaster. In the circumstances of a generation later, the Battles of the Frontier in 1914 in France might have led to a defeat almost as catastrophic as that of 1940. If that had been avoided, the Battle of the Marne might have led to an overwhelming defeat of the Germans and wholly freed the soil of France.

The new factors which made the difference between the early campaigns of the two wars in France and Flanders were increased striking power and mobility to exploit it. We must put first armour, and second aircraft, very different from their primitive predecessors of the First World War. Yet we must not forget transport also. And since the younger generation has little conception of what motor transport of that time was like, I will add that it is not sufficient to say that all the first-line transport was horse-drawn, without taking into account the deficiencies of the second line. Roughly, the modern heavy transport truck can cover four to five times the daily distance which its progenitor could manage. These factors favoured successful exploitation of victory. It now became practically impossible to seal a major breakthrough. It could be defeated, but only by a major counter-stroke. This required very quick thinking and action. The French were slow in both, and their machinery of command was faulty.

The official History of the Second World War is now well under way after a very slow start. The volume covering the phase of which I have been speaking is clearly and agreeably written.* I feel that many people who normally shy off work of the sort would find themselves interested in this if they made up their minds to try it and were not daunted by its somewhat formidable appearance. Major Ellis tells the story of all three fighting forces. In this phase, however, the Army takes first place, though it would have been in sorry plight indeed but for the interventions of the other two. The plan adopted by the Allies on French initiative was entirely defensive from the tactical point of view, but it did involve what may be called an element of the strategic offensive in the advance to the Dyle-Meuse line on the invasion of Belgium by the Germans.

The Allies had bad luck about the German plan. They had obtained complete information about the earlier plan, as the German command knew. The Germans, however, did not change it because it had been compromised, but as the result of second thoughts not connected with Allied information. General Gamelin can thus not incur serious blame for making the advance with the former plan, which would have projected the main weight of the German offensive farther north, in mind. The French are none the less heavily to blame for the way in which they seem to have shut the possibility of a great offensive through the Ardennes from their thoughts. After what has been written here there will be no need for further discussion of the authorship of the German plan. The first form was the work of the General Staff of the Army. The second was repeatedly urged by Rundstedt, but without success until Manstein put it over to Hitler. Then the Army command, which had resisted it, did more for it than Rundstedt and Manstein had asked, putting more troops and armour on to the southern wing. Rundstedt's and Manstein's parts are those of commander and staff officer, hard to define and perhaps not legitimately definable.

* "The War in France and Flanders, 1939-1940." By Major L. F. Ellis. (H.M. Stationery Office; 37s. 6d.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE B.E.F. IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1940.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The Navy had a good beginning, because the Germans, as in 1914, made no serious attempt to interrupt the movement of the B.E.F. to France. Its time of trouble came with the German offensive, though we must not forget the responsibility and strain of the measures of protection taken all the time. Since the Dutch were the first to collapse, it was off the Dutch coast that the Navy was first called upon to intervene actively. Then came the Belgian coast; then Dunkirk; and finally all the French ports from which troops were to be embarked. This is a splendid story of fortitude and self-sacrifice. The most spectacular feat was the evacuation of Boulogne, when the destroyers were firing over open sights at tanks, guns and machine-guns, only a few hundred yards off while taking the troops aboard. The most terrible incident was that of May 29, when five out of eleven ships lying against the East Mole at Dunkirk harbour were sunk by the enemy's bombers.

The Royal Air Force fought with equal gallantry. At times it fought with equal effect, but it was severely handicapped by being driven off its airfields to others where it could not be properly serviced. Squadrons

naturally finds no place in the history; if it is true, Lord Gort should not have given way. One of the Corps Commanders, General Brooke, now Lord Alanbrooke, was altogether outstanding. The troops carried out their orders almost to the letter, and the Germans bear witness that the Territorials fought as bravely, if not always as effectively, as the Regulars. Some skeletons of formations and units

may have lost their power to fight at the end to a greater extent than the historian reveals, but the performance as a whole followed the best traditions of the Army.

The German strategic plan paved the way to the victory, but this was made decisive by German tactics—thought translated swiftly into action on the battlefield. In both thought and action the French command was outpaced. The so-called "Weygand Plan" was the only possible one at the time it was formed, but it proved impossible. The forces north of the German corridor expected the main thrust to come from the south; those to the south looked to those in the north to play the chief part. Neither was in a position to play an adequate part at that stage. The later French orders were unrealistic, but the same must be said—with less reproach—of some of the orders from London. The defence of Boulogne and Calais are to the credit only of those who undertook it on the spot. One can understand the tendency of the French, then and since, to attribute to Lord Gort a premature determination to get to the coast and embark his force, but it was fortunate in the extreme that he made up his mind when he did. Kluge's Fourth Army diary, after noting that all material was being abandoned, adds: "Wir haben aber keine Interesse diese Menschen später wieder neu ausgerüstet vor uns finden." That was a factor in the whole war.

The withdrawal from Dunkirk was a climax, with the result that affairs south of the Somme have been given less attention, except for the penning of the 51st Division into Saint-Valery-en-Caux. General Brooke was in command in this new phase, but only because the force for the moment amounted to no more than corps strength. The historian says categorically that, if the French had been able to prolong resistance, we should have begun all over again as fast as possible to create a "second B.E.F.", and that as soon as it reached army strength Lord Gort was to have returned to take over the command. In fact, the French were already being split up into disconnected bodies, and on the evening of June 12, at virtually the moment General Brooke landed in France to take up his command, General Weygand told the French Government that it ought to open negotiations for an armistice.

The Germans made their mistakes too. The case of General von Bock is curious. He saw clearly that if he knocked the Belgian Army out there

would be an opportunity of advancing quickly through the breach thus created and cutting off the B.E.F. and large French forces from the sea. He knocked out the Belgians, but failed to exploit his success, though the B.E.F. played a fine part in preventing him from so doing. Rundstedt's halt on the Canal line—it was his halt, his own order, covered by Hitler's approval—in my opinion eased matters for us, though Major Ellis thinks it did not make much difference. I do not call the decision not to use tanks against the Dunkirk perimeter an error. They would have suffered severely on that ground, and the Germans could not assume that their offensive against the French from the Somme would be as easy a matter as it proved.

Assuredly the Germans did not make the mistake of concluding that their enemy was beaten before he was. On an earlier occasion, May 16, the diary of Army Group A (Rundstedt) remarks that the motorised troops could easily pass the Oise and that their commanders, especially Guderian and von Kleist, wanted to. Yet, it went on, looking at operations as a whole, the risk would be unjustified. The extended flank was too sensitive; it was simply an invitation to a hostile attack; it must be stiffened. Rundstedt accordingly ordered that neither the Sambre nor Oise should be crossed without his authorisation. Those who have read Guderian's exciting narrative of this period will recall his reactions. Even the bold may be nervous about what is hidden by the fog of war.



NOVEMBER 1939: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THEN FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, WITH GENERAL LORD GORT, C-IN-C. OF THE B.E.F., AT THE BRITISH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

In his article on this page, Captain Cyril Falls discusses Major L. F. Ellis's book, "The War in France and Flanders, 1939-1940." This photograph, which does not come from the book under review, shows Sir Winston Churchill (then Mr. Churchill) conferring with General Lord Gort, C-in-C. of the B.E.F., during a flying visit which he paid to Paris in November 1939 to confer with Chiefs of the French Navy on the safe transport of American war material. In his book, Major Ellis reviews the late Lord Gort's qualities and conduct of operations during the critical months when he commanded the British Expeditionary Force, and says that "when dire catastrophe threatened, he stood unmoved and undismayed, a dauntless example to those who stood with him."

were constantly on the move: from France to England, from England to France, from French northern airfields to others farther south. When fighters met on anything approaching equal terms, those of the R.A.F. had the better of it; but this was seldom. The bombers used for tactical work were in one case obsolete and in another inadequate. Bombing by day had to be generally abandoned, and night bombing effected little. Some long-range bombing of German targets gives the impression of being inspired by a sort of academic obstinacy and was likewise of no avail. Yet support given over the Dunkirk beaches, though not continuous, was invaluable, and must have brought salvation to many thousands of men. When a historian belonging to one Service writes of all in a campaign, he tends to be confident in his verdicts about his own Service and less so about the others. This is the case with Major Ellis. Yet the advantage of having the campaign described as a whole in one narrative outweighs this minor consideration.

The narrative of the Army could hardly be better. To begin at the top, though Lord Gort and his staff were left very short of information from their own side, they proved more realistic and acted more quickly than the headquarters of General Billotte. As regards information from the enemy's side, the Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F. made a bad mistake in detaching his Director of Military Intelligence to command an improvised force. The story is that that masterful man was determined to undertake the job, but this

FROZEN RIVERS AND SEAS: ICE-BOUND AND SHIVERING CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES.



(ABOVE)
THE FROZEN SEA AT OSTEND: SUCCESSIVE WAVES FROZE AS THEY REACHED LAND AND COVERED THE FAMOUS *PLAGE* WITH GREAT BLOCKS AND LUMPS OF ICE.

THE cold spell struck hard in this country, but on the Continent it was far more severe; and at the time of writing little relief seemed in prospect. Temperatures almost down to zero were recorded at Bonn on the night of February 6. Navigation was still at a standstill on the Rhine, while the rivers Aare and Arve were frozen for distances of two and three miles respectively. Above the Lorelei the Rhine was frozen into a solid ice-field, icebreakers having failed to keep the fairway open. A huge ice-barrier was blown up near St. Goar on February 4; and it was stated that over 1000 ships were ice-bound on the Western German canal system. Extreme cold in France has caused numerous deaths, and coasters were ice-bound in various ports; while at Antwerp floating ice on the Scheldt had stopped river traffic. Italy suffered also; villages in the north were cut off; while Venice shivered under a gale of 70 m.p.h.

(ON RIGHT)
THE RHINE TRANSFORMED INTO AN ICE-FIELD: A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE ASTONISHING SCENE WHERE, ABOVE THE LORELEI ROCK, THE HUGE FROZEN BLOCKS EXTENDED FOR NEARLY TWENTY MILES.



ICEBOUND IN THE PORT OF DUNKIRK: TWO COASTERS LYING IMMOBILE IN HARBOUR. SUPPLIES HAVE BEEN SENT OUT TO THEM BY BREECHES BUOY.



TAKING A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE FROZEN RHINE: PEDESTRIANS STEPPING ALONG A SANDED PATH OVER THE ICE NEAR ST. GOAR. A HUGE ICE BARRIER WAS BLOWN UP NEAR HERE.



LYING IN A SEA OF ICE: THE ITALIAN STEAMER 'DEA MAZELLA' AT AMSTERDAM. NO DOUBT THE CREW ARE DISCHARGING THE CARGO PARTICULARLY SMARTLY—TO KEEP WARM.



AN UNSCHEDULED DETOUR DURING THE GOTHIC'S VOYAGE TO SYDNEY: THE LINER PASSING THROUGH MILFORD SOUND SO THAT HER MAJESTY MIGHT SEE THE SCENERY.

"YOU have been our kind hosts during this journey. . . . We have shared both in your sorrows and your joys," said the Queen in her January 29 farewell broadcast to New Zealand; and on January 30 the Royal visitors re-embarked in the *Gothic* and sailed for Australia from Bluff, where a huge concourse had gathered to wish them godspeed. The liner made an unscheduled detour down Milford Sound so that the Queen and the Duke could see the grand mountain scenery. An Australian escorting squadron took over from the New Zealand cruiser *Black Prince* on February 1, about 700 miles from the Australian coast. The Queen watched from the private aft deck. In our issue of Jan. 30, page 142, the photograph described as showing the Queen at Greymouth was taken at Christchurch; that described as at Christchurch was at Greymouth.

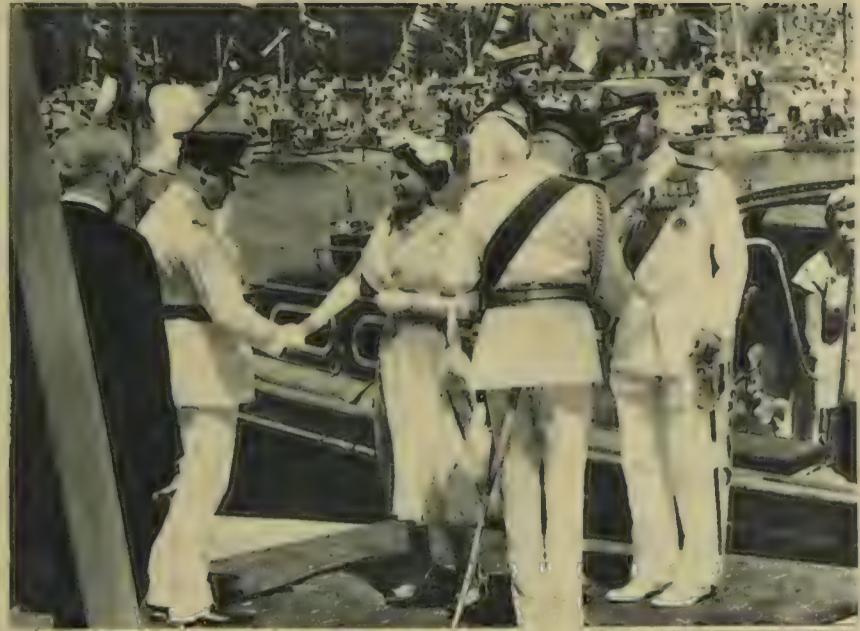


THE ROYAL FAREWELL: HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND WITH MR. HOLLAND (RIGHT), THE NEW ZEALAND PREMIER, WAVING TO THE CROWDS AS SHE BOARDS THE GOTHIC ON JANUARY 30, FOR THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

THE ROYAL TOUR: FAREWELL TO NEW ZEALAND; AND AN UNSCHEDULED VISIT TO MILFORD SOUND, A FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOT.



(ABOVE.) PRESENTING AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO HER MAJESTY: THE LORD MAYOR OF SYDNEY, ALDERMAN HILLS, GREETING THE QUEEN AT FARM COVE.



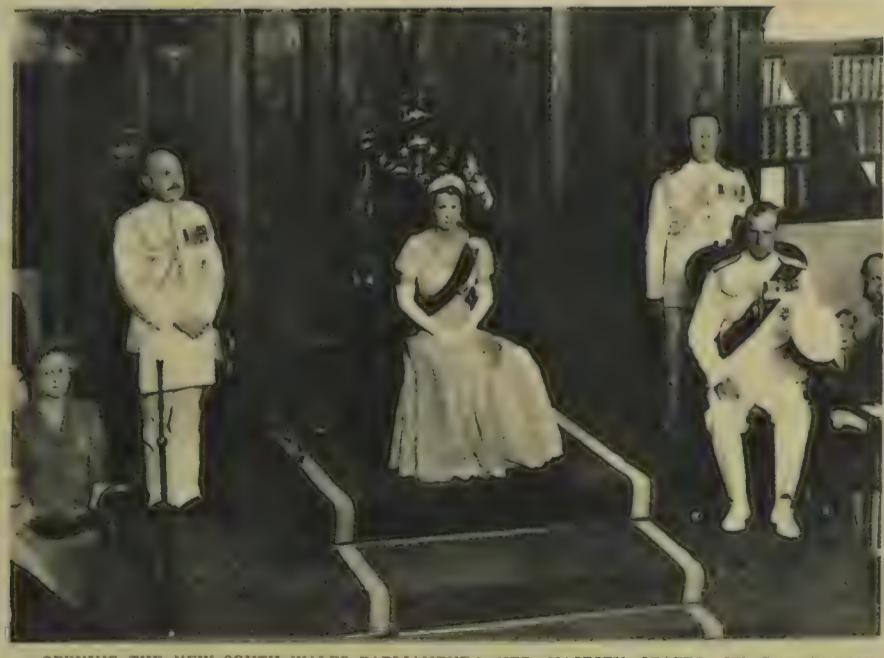
GREETED BY SIR JOHN NORTHCOTT, GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES: H.M. THE QUEEN, JUST AFTER SHE HAD STEPPED ASHORE FROM THE ROYAL BARGE AT FARM COVE.



(RIGHT.) WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD: THE ROYAL BARGE SAILING THROUGH AN AVENUE OF SMALL CRAFT TO THE LANDING-STAGE.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST CEREMONY IN AUSTRALIA: HER MAJESTY LAYING A WREATH ON THE CENOTAPH IN MARTIN PLACE SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN SYDNEY.



OPENING THE NEW SOUTH WALES PARLIAMENT: HER MAJESTY SEATED ON THE THRONE IN THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL IN SYDNEY ON FEBRUARY 4.

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA: SCENES DURING HER MAJESTY'S FIRST DAYS IN SYDNEY.

Continued. rehearsed the parts which they played at the opening of Parliament on the following day. After dark, on the day of their arrival, there was a spectacular firework display, features included portraits in fire of the Queen and the Duke, and the outline of Sydney harbour bridge. On February 4, in addition to the opening

of the State Parliament, another landmark in the tour, the Queen had luncheon at the Trocadero restaurant with members of women's organisations. In the evening a crowd of 75,000 gathered in the streets of Sydney to see the Queen and the Duke arriving at a State banquet.

FINLAND'S GREAT SOLDIER-STATESMAN.

"THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL MANNERHEIM." Translated by COUNT ERIC LEWENHAUPT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MARSHAL MANNERHEIM, who was born in 1867, was eighty-three when, at peace at last in Switzerland, he wrote the last words to the Preface of his book of memoirs. A soldier by profession, he became a statesman under the pressure of his country's need, commanded her armies in two wars when he was over seventy, was induced to become Head of the State when he was seventy-seven, and retired only



"THE FACT THAT, NOT THE CASTLE, BUT THE FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S HOUSE HAD BEEN SET ASIDE AS MY RESIDENCE, AFFORDED ME NOTHING BUT SATISFACTION, FOR I WAS ANXIOUS TO EMPHASISE HOW TEMPORARY I REGARDED MY POSITION AS BEING": MARSHAL MANNERHEIM AS REGENT OF FINLAND IN 1919.

when the storms had been weathered and the ship was on an even keel again. In his last years he occupied himself with telling the story of his life, which is largely the story of Finland during his lifetime. His book is a notable contribution to the history of our times and a signal witness to the possibility, sometimes denied, of the constant union, on the part of a statesman, of sagacity with honour. Not that he ever suggests that himself: whatever explanations he gives are matter-of-fact explanations; the notion of self-justification never crosses his mind. He states the facts, and the facts speak for themselves. This was also observed by a friend of mine, an old soldier who happens to know Finland and whom I met just before writing this. He had read the book. "What," I asked him, in the usual mechanical way, "did you think of it?" "Extraordinary! Astonishing!" was the reply. "The man's so infernally modest!" The disease of modesty has not been very prevalent amongst European leaders of late.

Let it not be supposed that the book is entirely about war and politics. There is plenty of war: for many years before the War of Liberation against the Bolsheviks, Baron Mannerheim was in the Imperial Russian Guard. He fought in the war against Japan, and held high command against the Kaiser. And there is plenty of politics; at any emergency he was called in to allay local feuds and confront foreign enemies. But he was a versatile and companionable and charming man: had his lot been cast in happier times and climes, he would still have been a conscientious soldier and a student of the military art, but his memories (which he would probably have written in old age, through sheer dislike of idleness) would have been concentrated on other fields. Even in the chinks of this book room is found

a multitude of interests, from the ballet to big-game hunting. There are conversations with the Kaiser, and the Czar, with Mr. Churchill and the Dalai Lama; there are accounts of tiger shoots in the foothills of the Himalayas, and there is the full narrative of a two-years' expedition, exploring, mapping, freezing and starving, right across Asia to Peking. And wherever he goes, whatever he does and sees, he is always tolerant and friendly. Even about the Russians he is perfectly fair and kind. He was happy as a Russian officer, and loved his men: even though, deluded by the false promises and desperate because of defeat in war, some of them were after his blood in Leningrad, in 1917, and he narrowly escaped. Of racial hate he has none. But it does seem evident that he thinks the Russians, in their present state of development, incurable. There are pages about that "If" stage of Russian and World history, when Denikin, Kolchak, and Judenich were all with White Armies, approaching the vital centres of Russia, held by a minority of Reds. Had the "Whites," before it was too late, promised the Poles and the Finns their liberties, these two indomitable nations would, Mannerheim says, have helped them to victory. But no; the Whites were as bad as the Reds still are; Imperialists to a man, with no regard to other peoples' liberties.

To an Englishman there could be no more painful reading than the chapters about Finnish history during Hitler's war. In 1939 the "Winter War" began. Hitler gave his temporary ally, Stalin, a free hand in Finland; and the Russians (whose mouthpiece, even all those years ago, was Mr. Molotov, who has a remarkable talent for surviving) put out a bogus story about aggressive acts on the part of the Finns (who number 3,000,000!) and suddenly rained death and destruction upon Helsinki, as they had before that been poured upon Warsaw and were later to be inflicted on Rotterdam. The intensity of English feeling at that time may by many have been forgotten; as also the way in which our commiseration turned into tremendous admiration as the small Finnish Army, superbly handled, beat back attack after attack of the Russian multitudes and, on occasion, counter-attacked. Not only did knitting-parties for Finns spring up everywhere, but we prepared to send an army to the help of the Finns, and Mr. Winston Churchill said on the wireless: "Only Finland—superb, nay sublime—in the jaws of peril—Finland shows what free men can do. The service rendered by Finland to mankind is magnificent. . . . We cannot tell what the fate of Finland may be, but no more mournful spectacle could be presented to what is left to civilised mankind than that this splendid Northern race should be at

into alliance with the heralds of the Dark Ages, and Mr. Churchill, with characteristic courtesy and understanding, sent Mannerheim a "personal, secret and private" note of warning. "I am deeply grieved," he wrote, "at what I see coming, namely, that we shall be forced in a few days, out of loyalty to our ally Russia, to declare war upon Finland. If we do this, we shall make war also as opportunity serves."



MARSHAL MANNERHEIM AS AN OFFICER (CENTRE) IN THE EMPRESS MARIA FEODOROVNA'S CHEVALIER GUARDS, TOGETHER WITH A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER, A GROOM AND A JANITOR OF THE SAME REGIMENT, IN 1892.



MAY 16, 1918: THE MAYOR OF HELSINKI GREETING THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (MARSHAL MANNERHEIM) AS THE WHITE ARMY ENTERED HELSINKI. Illustrations from the book "The Memoirs of Marshal Mannerheim"; by Courtesy of the publishers, Cassell and Co., Ltd.

last worn down and reduced to servitude worse than death by the dull brutish force of overwhelming numbers. If the light of freedom which still burns so brightly in the frozen North should be finally quenched, it might well herald a return to the Dark Ages, when every vestige of human progress during two thousand years would be engulfed." When next the Russians forced the Finns into war (and, in the circumstances, had Mannerheim been Prime Minister of Britain he might have felt constrained to take the same line), Britain happened to have been forced

usual he leaves it to the facts. "It is difficult," he remarks, "to understand what England gained by this declaration of war." It isn't a question, however, of gain. What should we have lost had we refused the declaration? Back we come to "If." In a hundred years or so enough information will have come to light to enable somebody to give a verdict. But the present jury won't be there.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 248 of this issue.

THE CLOSING OF THE LOWGILL TO CLAPHAM LINE: LUNE VALLEY SCENES.



A SIGHT WHICH MAY NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN IN THE BEAUTIFUL LUNE VALLEY: THE LOWGILL TO CLAPHAM PASSENGER TRAIN LEAVING LOWGILL STATION.



SOME OF THE LOVELY SCENERY THROUGH WHICH THE CLAPHAM TO LOWGILL BRANCH LINE RUNS: HOWGILL FELLS, IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.



TRAVELLING ON THE 6.52 FROM INGLETON FOR THE LAST TIME: LORD SHUTTLEWORTH, WHO WAS DRESSED IN VICTORIAN GARB.



SIGNALLED BY THREE BLASTS ON A WHISTLE: THE LOWGILL TO CLAPHAM TRAIN CROSSING THE VIADUCT INTO INGLETON.



AT THE TICKET OFFICE BEFORE BOARDING THE LOWGILL TO CLAPHAM TRAIN: LADY SHUTTLEWORTH, WHO, WITH OTHERS, WORE VICTORIAN CLOTHES.



PLAYING "WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?": THE KIRKBY LONSDALE BRASS BAND AT INGLETON STATION BEING FILMED BY A TELEVISION NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN.

On January 31 a passenger train made its last journey from Lowgill, in Westmorland, to Clapham, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. British Railways have now closed this branch line to passenger services after ninety-three years' continuous service. The event did not pass unnoticed, and at Lowgill, the village turned out to see the departure of the last train. Five, instead of the usual two, coaches were on the train, and the compartments were packed with people. Two coaches carried a private party, who were all dressed in Victorian clothes.



IN THE LAST PASSENGER TRAIN FROM LOWGILL: MR. AND MRS. C. W. M. SAUNDERS, LORD SHUTTLEWORTH (SITTING), THE HON. RACHEL KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, AND LADY TEMPLE,

Forty-five people, all from the Lune Valley area, were in this party, which included Lord and Lady Shuttleworth, of Barbon Manor, Kirkby Lonsdale; Lord and Lady Temple of Stowe, and Lord Kinross. Just before the train was due to leave, Mr. Roger Fulford, of Barbon Manor, Carnforth, climbed on to the footplate and presented a laurel wreath to the driver, Mr. Jack Bird, of Ingleton, who hung it on the front of the engine. Kirkby Lonsdale's brass band travelled in the guard's van and descended to the platform at each stop to play "Will ye no come back again?"

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PILOT OF CRASH-LANDED
BRITANNIA AIRLINER :
MR. A. J. PEGG.

The Britannia airliner, with one of her engines on fire, was crash-landed by Mr. A. J. Pegg, the Bristol Aeroplane Company's chief test pilot, on Littleton Flats, in the Severn Estuary, on February 3. Mr. Pegg took both the Britannia prototype and the 130-ton Brabazon on their maiden flights.



AFTER LUNCHING WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL : THE
CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. ST. LAURENT (RIGHT).
Mr. L. S. St. Laurent arrived in London on February 5, on the first
stage of an extensive six-weeks tour of Western Europe and Asia,
and was entertained to lunch by Sir Winston and Lady Churchill.
Mr. St. Laurent intends to visit Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Indonesia,
the Philippines, Japan and Korea.



HONOURED AT A VARIETY CLUB LUNCHEON : MISS DOROTHY
TUTIN (LEFT) AND MR. JACK HYLTON.
For her performance in "The Living Room," Miss Dorothy Tutin
was chosen as the best actress of 1953 by a group of London critics,
and was presented with an inscribed scroll by Dame Sybil Thorndike
(right) on February 4. Mr. Jack Hylton, voted the best showman
of 1953, was given a scroll by Sir Malcolm Sargent.



JUNIOR LAWN TENNIS
CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA :
W. A. KNIGHT.

W. A. Knight, the British Junior Champion, won the Australian junior lawn tennis title when he beat R. Emerson 6-3, 6-1 at Sydney on Feb. 1. His victory was described by Mr. H. Hopman, manager of the Australian Davis Cup team, as the biggest fillip to British tennis since the war.



RESIGNED ON JANUARY 28 FROM THE TATE GALLERY
BOARD OF TRUSTEES : MR. GRAHAM SUTHERLAND.

Mr. Sutherland, the well-known artist, Trustee to the Tate Gallery since 1948, stated on January 30 that he had in 1952 offered to resign. He was persuaded to stay because his fellow-Trustees hoped to remedy the causes of his discontent with the administration. He did not feel that this had been done. Mr. Proctor, chairman of the Board, stated Mr. Sutherland had been absent from the last three meetings and could not be aware of all the steps taken.



CONDEMNED TO DEATH ON
FEBRUARY 3 AT NYERI:
"GENERAL CHINA."

Kikuyu Waruihi Itote, alias "General China," Mau Mau leader, was sentenced to death at the emergency Assize Court, Nyeri, for consorting with armed persons. Mr. Justice Macduff refused a certificate to appeal; defence counsel stated he intended to appeal on a point of law.



KILLED IN A MALAYAN
AMBUSH : LIEUT.-COLONEL
A. I. FORESTIER-WALKER.

Lieut.-Colonel A. I. Forestier-Walker, aged forty, commanding officer of the 1/7th Gurkhas, was killed on February 2 with two of his men when a gang of about thirty terrorists opened fire on his Land Rover on the road between Kuala Klawang and Seremban, in Negri Sembilan.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM SIR G. AND LADY
DE HAVILLAND : GROUP CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
(RIGHT).

Group Captain John Cunningham, who broke the record for the London-Khartoum flight on January 22 in the *Comet II*, was congratulated by Sir Geoffrey and Lady de Havilland on his arrival at Hatfield on February 6. In the photograph published on page 163 of our issue of January 30, Group Captain Cunningham was on the right and not on the left, as stated.



WINNING THE SPECIAL LONG-DISTANCE RACE AT
HANNUT FROM G. REIFF : D. A. G. PIRIE.

D. A. G. Pirie, the British three- and six-miles champion, won a special 3700 metres cross-country race at Hannut, Belgium, on February 7 from G. Reiff, the Belgian world record-holder. Pirie's time was 13 mins. 51.2 secs.; that of Reiff, holder of the world's two miles, 2000 and 3000 metres records, was 14 mins. 1.8 secs.



WINNER OF THE EUROPEAN WOMEN'S FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPION-
SHIP : FRÄULEIN GUNDL BUSCH (GERMANY).



FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD MISS YVONNE SUGDEN, OF LONDON, WHO
FINISHED THIRD IN THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP.



MISS ERICA BATCHELOR, OF EDINBURGH, WHO WAS
RUNNER-UP TO FRÄULEIN BUSCH.

The British girls, Miss Erica Batchelor and Miss Yvonne Sugden, did well to finish second and third respectively to Fräulein Gundl Busch, of Germany, in the women's event of the European figure-skating championship held at Bolzano, Italy, on January 31. Fr. Busch's score was 7 placements and 183.51 points; Miss Batchelor's 18 and 175.12, and Miss Sugden's 22 and 171.51.



THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND : LORD LLEWELLIN, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE ON FEBRUARY 3.



LORD LLEWELLIN (RIGHT) ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE SPEAKER OF THE FEDERATION'S PARLIAMENT: (L. TO R.) THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS, THE SPEAKER, THE ACTING CLERK OF THE HOUSE, THE CLERK ASSISTANT, AND THE HEAD MESSENGER.



THE RHODESIAN JUDGES, PRECEDED BY THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS, MAJOR CREALY, WALKING IN PROCESSION TO THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE NEW FEDERATION.

THE NEW CENTRAL AFRICAN PARLIAMENT: THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND.

On February 2 Mr. T. I. F. Wilson, Speaker of the last Southern Rhodesian Assembly, was elected Speaker of the Parliament of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and was sworn in by the Governor-General, Lord Llewellyn. This ceremony took place in the entrance of Government House beneath a portrait of Cecil Rhodes. On the following day the first session of the first Parliament of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was opened by the Governor-General, who read the Speech from the Throne. The Speech was mainly an account of what had taken place since the birth of the Federation

nearly half a year ago and the opening of Parliament, with its handing-over of power to the Government of Sir Godfrey Huggins. This ceremony took place in the debating chamber of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament, which has been lent to the Federal Parliament until its own new chamber has been completed. Before the ceremony the Governor-General took the salute of a guard of honour of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Rhodesia Regiment; and as he set foot on the dais of the Throne a salute of guns was fired by the 1st Field Regiment, The Southern Rhodesia Artillery.

SALVING THE BRITANNIA AIRLINER WHICH CRASH-LANDED IN THE SEVERN, SCENES DURING THE OPERATIONS TO DRAG THE AIRCRAFT FROM THE MUD ON LITTLETON FLATS.

THE second prototype *Britannia* air screw-turbine airliner crash-landed shortly before noon on February 4 on Littleton Flats, some fourteen miles north of Bristol. The aircraft, on a routine flight, was piloted by Mr. A. J. Pegg, the Bristol Aeroplane Company's chief test pilot, and had fourteen people on board, all of whom escaped unharmed, with the exception of the radio operator, who received cuts. An hour after the aircraft took off from its base at Filton it developed a fire in an engine bay and as the aircraft came down it was necessary to drop the nose. The resulting fire was quickly extinguished. The aircraft, which landed on hard mud, was

[Continued below, right.]

(RIGHT.) NEARLY SUBMERGED BY THE TIDE: AN AERIAL VIEW, ON FEBRUARY 4, OF THE BRITANNIA AIRLINER AFTER IT HAD CRASH-LANDED IN THE SEVERN ESTUARY.



PAST ON A MUDDYBANK IN THE SEVERN ESTUARY: THE GIANT BRISTOL BRITANNIA AIRSCREW-TURBINE AIRLINER WHICH CRASH-LANDED WHILE ON A ROUTINE FLIGHT.



THE BATTLE TO SALVAGE THE BRITANNIA FROM THE LITTLETON FLATS: R.A.F. MEN LAYING A METAL CAUSEWAY OVER THE MUD IN THE ESTUARY.



CUTTING THE VITAL STARBOARD WING OF THE STRANDED AIRLINER TO ENABLE HAWRSERS TO BE SECURED: AN OXY-ACTYLENE CUTTER AT WORK.



SHOWING THE DISTANCE WHICH THE GIANT AIRLINER HAD TO BE DRAGGED FROM THE ESTUARY MUD TO THE MARSHLAND AT HIGH-WATER MARK: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SCENE

Continued.

firmly embedded by the force of the impact and extensively damaged. Early in the afternoon Wing Commander Griffiths, Station Commander, R.A.F. Filton, ordered 150 R.A.F. men to Littleton-on-Severn with heavy lifting gear, and it was hoped to drag the aircraft clear of the incoming tide, but a hawser snapped and efforts to save the airliner had to be abandoned until the following day. Meanwhile, the high tide covered the wings and the greater part of the fuselage. On February 5, with the help of two *Churchill* tanks, increased salvage

operations continued and the starboard wing, which was expected to hold the tide to the cause of the accident, was severed by oxy-acetylene cutters in order to ensure that it, at least, would be saved. During the day the airliner was floated and on February 6 it was hauled in close to the river-bank on marshland and secured by hawsers. The important starboard wing was towed to the river-bank and the two engines were removed and taken by lorry to the Company's works. At the time of writing the hull of the airliner is being dismantled.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A NEW ZEALAND BELL-FLOWER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

RATHER more than two world wars ago, I was growing and enjoying a charming little rock-garden plant called *Wahlenbergia albo-marginata*. It was regarded at that time as something quite new, a novelty, though it had, in fact, been first introduced from New Zealand in 1881, and figured in the *Botanical Magazine* under the name *W. saxicola*. It was, as I say, a charming little plant, which in light soil would run about sedately in the manner of some small, well-behaved campanula, never venturing very far and never becoming a nuisance; but forming colonies of tufts of narrow, spoon-shaped leaves about an inch high, from which sprang the slender, leafless

flower-stems, each carrying a solitary bell-shaped blossom which was white with the faintest wash of blue. This modest little plant had the honour of having its portrait drawn by that distinguished South African artist, Edward Roworth — now Professor Roworth. He had recently completed his big portrait-group of the Convention for the Union of South Africa and had come for a prolonged stay in England. He stayed much with me at Stevenage at that time, and made delightful pencil drawings of some of my favourite Alpine and other plants. It would seem to be a somewhat dramatic swoop to pass swiftly from painting a big official portrait-group of historic importance to drawing a small pencil portrait of a pretty but humble herb. But *Wahlenbergia*'s portrait is a masterly likeness which gives what is so often missed in flower-portraits — the essential expression of the plant.

It is many years since I last saw *Wahlenbergia albo-marginata*. My own stock of it passed out, I think, during the 1914 war. It is, I think, one of those species which, although not actually difficult to grow, do depend upon being gently managed and taken a little notice of. In those pre-First-World-War days I grew two other *Wahlenbergias* from down-under. *Wahlenbergia pygmaea* is an Alpine form of *W. albo-marginata*: an inch-high edition with blue flowers. A pretty enough little thing which would never make itself felt either by its presence — or its absence. *Wahlenbergia vincaeiflora* — or the plant I knew and grew under that name — is another Australasian species. A pretty, graceful plant which, although by nature and at home a perennial, always gave me the impression of being an annual, or at any rate wanting to behave as an annual. Probably that was its undoing as a plant in cultivation in this country. Having arrived here as a perennial we tried to treat it as such — and lost it. At least, I did. And I suspect that most other gardeners lost it too. If we had realised, and pandered to its wish for annual status, all might have been well, for *Wahlenbergia vincaeiflora* set seed freely, and was easy to raise, to flower the same year.

The best of all the *Wahlenbergias* as a garden plant is *W. serpyllifolia*, from Serbia and Bosnia. This is a good, reliable perennial, hardy, and in no way difficult to grow. It is a plant for the rock-garden, for cultivation in the Alpine house, and is especially effective in a sink or stone-trough garden. From a rather fleshy, thong-like root it sends out a

mat of trailing stems 2 or 3 ins. long, each carrying a large bell-flower of intense deep violet or Tyrian purple. It is worth securing the large-flowered variety, *W. s. major*, and as this seems to be grown by nurserymen to the almost total exclusion of the type, there is no difficulty in obtaining it. Many years ago I acquired a variety of *Wahlenbergia serpyllifolia* with flowers of a light lilac tone. I was very proud of it at the time, and seem to remember making quite a song about it. But looking back now, I realise that, although quite a pretty thing, it lacked the essential splendour of the violet type, and that its chief virtue lay in its novelty and relative rarity. Like so many novelties — it passed.

raise from seed, and easy to grow in any decent light loam in full sun. The best of them all is, I think, *Edraianthus pumilio*, which carries its almost stemless flowers packed tightly together in a rounded, dome-like cushion.

Our own native *Wahlenbergia hederacea* is probably the smallest member of the family, yet it is by no means the least attractive. It is, I think, not so much a rare plant as of local occurrence, and demanding rather specialised conditions in which to grow. But I confess that I have only met it twice, once in the wild and once in captivity. The wild specimens were growing in very wet heathy ground, trailing over

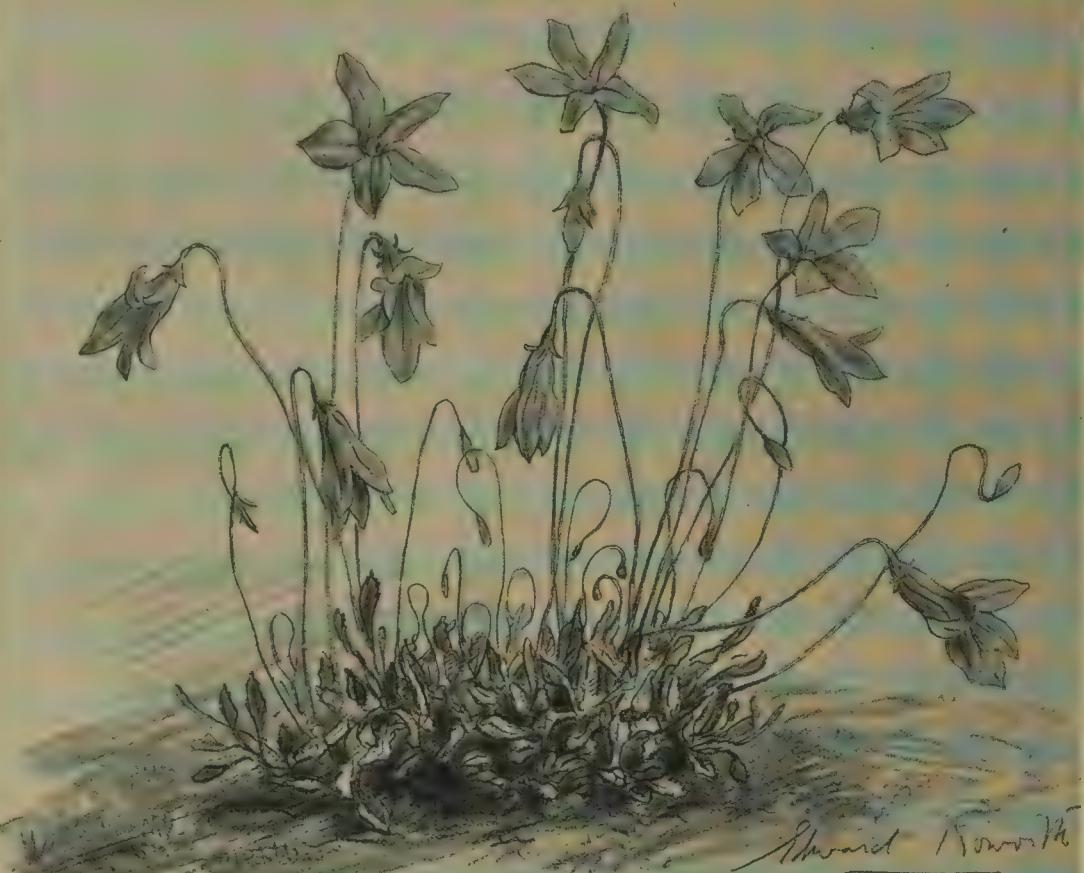
sphagnum moss and among fine, hair-like grasses and small rushes, with heather in the background. With the *Wahlenbergia* grew the bog pimpernel, *Anagallis tenella*. These two are, I believe, very often found growing together. They make charming companions, the *Wahlenbergia* with its frail, thread-like, trailing stems, pale-green, ivy-shaped leaves, and light-blue, fairy-like bell-flowers, and the pimpernel with dainty pink blossoms. A minute stream of peaty water no larger than a ditch ran through the territory of these two fairy-like flowers.

The garden-grown colony of *Wahlenbergia hederacea* was flourishing in a moss-grown frame at the Dairy Hill Nursery, at Newry, in Ireland. Tom Smith, the great man himself, showed me this treasure with great pride. I, at the same time, felt proud that apparently he had already discovered that I should appreciate that sort of plant. What a nursery that was, and what a great old character was Tom Smith himself!

If ever I come upon *Wahlenbergia hederacea* again, growing wild and in profusion, I shall be greatly tempted to lift a sod of moss and grass and rush and all the other appropriate herbage — and, of course, the bog pimpernel as well — and transport it home, whole, to form the nucleus of a small garden of bog natives in a stone trough. Laid upon a bed of peaty soil in

the trough and kept richly moist with rain-water, the original sod of moss, *Wahlenbergia* and *Anagallis* should not be difficult to establish. Other native plants that might be introduced would be the lovely bird's-eye primrose, *Primula farinosa*, "Grass of Parnassus," with its exquisite white blossoms, the common butterwort, *Pinguicula vulgaris*, with its delicate, spurred, violet blossoms, and the splendid *Pinguicula grandiflora* from the West Coast of Ireland. This last is a really very handsome plant, with rich violet blossoms four or five times the size of *P. vulgaris*.

And for interest, if not for show, there might be one or other — or all three — of the British Sundews, *Drosera*, with their small outspread leaves armed with bristly, red hairs, each carrying at its tip a minute drop of clear, shining, sticky liquid with which to catch minute insects. Directly an insect alights, he gets stuck, and then all the hairs bend over in his direction and secure him for gradual digestion and absorption. One other plant, a shrub, might be added to this collection, the deliciously aromatic bog myrtle, which is so characteristic of the country inhabited by all these other natives of our heathy moorland boggy places.



"A MASTERLY LIKENESS WHICH GIVES WHAT IS SO OFTEN MISSED IN FLOWER PORTRAITS — THE ESSENTIAL EXPRESSION OF THE PLANT": FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY PROFESSOR EDWARD ROWORTH OF *WAHLENBERGIA ALBO-MARGINATA*, A CHARMING LITTLE PLANT WHICH FORMS "COLONIES OF TUFTS OF NARROW, SPOON-SHAPED LEAVES ABOUT AN INCH HIGH, FROM WHICH SPRANG THE SLENDER, LEAFLESS FLOWER-STEMS, EACH CARRYING A SOLITARY BELL-SHAPED BLOSSOM, WHICH WAS WHITE WITH THE FAINTEST WASH OF BLUE."

Close to the *Wahlenbergias* come the various species of *Edraianthus*, so close indeed that the *Wahlenbergias* and the *Edraianthus* must be in a perpetual dither as to which, for the time being, they should call themselves, or whether they have not been translated to the genus *Campanula*, or even, perhaps, *Racelia*! For practical present garden purposes, let's call them *Edraianthus*. They are good rock-garden plants, with cluster-heads of bell-flowers in the region of lilac-mauve-violet. They seed freely, are easy to

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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KEY TO NUMBERS. NOS. 1-4: SET 1 (JULY 1, 1952) OF THE "GREAT MOTHERLAND" SERIES, THE TUN-HUANG MURALS SPECIAL SERIES, ALL OF 800 YUAN VALUE, PRINTED IN SHANGHAI. (1) MAROON: "SERVITORS." SUI DYNASTY (A.D. 581-617). (2) DARK BLUE-GREEN; "Fei T'ien, SKY-DWELLING MUSICIANS." (3) DARK PURPLE; "DRAGON." TANG DYNASTY (A.D. 618-906). (4) DARK OLIVE; "HUNTING." WEI DYNASTY

(A.D. 386-534). NOS. 5-8: SET 3 OF THE "GREAT MOTHERLAND" SERIES, SAME VALUE (SEPTEMBER 1, 1953), PRINTED IN PEKING. (5) CARMINE; "OX CART." TANG DYNASTY (A.D. 618-906). (6) YEW GREEN; "GROOM WITH HORSE." WEI DYNASTY (A.D. 386-534). (7) BLUE; "BATTLE." SUI DYNASTY (A.D. 581-617). (8) CHERRY; "COURT PLAYERS." WEI DYNASTY (A.D. 386-534).

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART IN POSTAGE STAMPS: MURAL PAINTINGS OF TUN-HUANG, REPRODUCED IN RECENT CHINESE ISSUES.

In the preface to his article on the cave shrines of P'ing-ling Ssü in our last issue, Mr. William Y. Willetts referred in passing to the recent conservation and restoration of the famous Buddhist caves at Tun-huang, in far north-west Kansu, and stated that as the result of an exhibition in Peking, motives from the murals there had been used in postage stamps. This exhibition was held in the Historical Museum, Peking, in spring 1951, and was organised by Chang Shu-hung, Director of the Institute for Research on the Tun-huang Relics. Chang had been working on the cave shrine at Tun-huang from at least as early as 1941. He received his art training in France, and it appears that he

and his daughter were responsible for some, but not all, of the hand-painted reproductions of the murals which constituted the chief part of the exhibition. Several copies of these reproductions have been seen and, as regards these, at all events, it is clear that the stamps reproduce the actual murals. Down the side of each stamp runs a border and the motives of these borders are also drawn from the Tun-huang murals. It will be noticed that all eight stamps are of the same denomination (800 yuan). The two issues, Nos. 1-4 and 5-8, are two of the four "Great Motherland" Series which have been issued at intervals since July 1952.



FIG. 1. IN THE BEST STYLE OF NORTHERN WEI ART: A MURAL OF A DONOR RIDING IN A LIGHT HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE, WITH OUTRIDERS AND GROOMS.

(In our last issue, MR. WILLIAM Y. WILLETS discussed cave shrines at P'ing-ling Ssü. Here he describes a parallel group, also in Kansu, at Mai-chi Shan. In the map accompanying that article the two place-names were wrongly interchanged and the latter wrongly given as Mei-chi Shan.)

DISCOVERY of a Buddhist cave shrine at Mai-chi Shan, some 30 miles south-east of T'ien-shui, in southern Kansu, was briefly mentioned in the last article. Little information about the caves and their contents is yet available in the West, but it seems that a preliminary survey lasting a month was made towards the end of 1952 under the leadership of Chang Shu-hung, Director of the Institute for Research on the Tun-huang Relics, and that a full-scale expedition to the site is now being organised. The caves at Mai-chi Shan, "the paradise of woods and springs," as it was known some 2000 years ago, were probably first cut in the mid-5th century A.D., soon after the Northern Wei extended their conquest of North China westward to Kansu. Thus it formed part of a chain of contemporary Buddhist monuments running from Tun-huang in the west, through P'ing-ling Ssü, to Yün-kang, near the Northern Wei capital in the north-east. A general view of Mai-chi Shan (Fig. 4) gives a good idea of the layout of its 158 caves. Most impressive is a huge niche of Northern Chou date (A.D. 557-581) cut in the middle of the hill, still with remains of a gigantic canopy carved in the rock above it. In its back wall are seven caves symbolising the Seven Buddhas of the Past (Fig. 5), who were the last seven

[Continued below, right.]

MURALS AND SCULPTURES: NEWLY REVEALED CHINESE BUDDHIST TREASURES FROM MAI-CHI SHAN, "THE PARADISE OF WOODS AND SPRINGS"



FIG. 4. THE CAVE SHRINES OF MAI-CHI SHAN, "THE PARADISE OF WOODS AND SPRINGS." ABOVE THE COLOSSAL BUDDHA-TRINITY IS THE NICHE OF THE SEVEN BUDDHAS OF THE PAST.



FIG. 2. A FLYING APSARA; A MAGNIFICENT CLAY IMAGE FROM THE MAI-CHI SHAN CAVE SHRINES. PROBABLY END OF FIFTH CENTURY A.D.

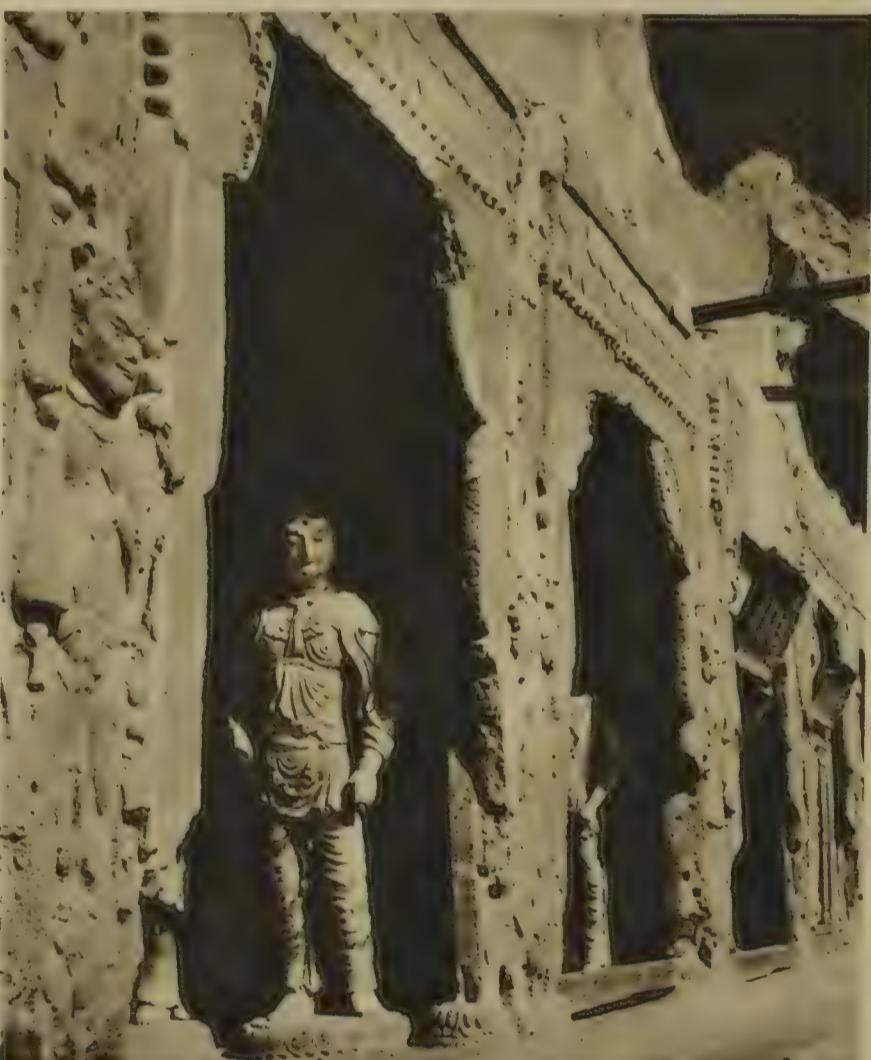


FIG. 5. INSIDE THE NICHE OF THE SEVEN BUDDHAS AT MAI-CHI SHAN, SHOWING SOME OF THE CAVES. EXTREME LEFT, A GUARDIAN KING OF THE NORTHERN CHOU PERIOD.



FIG. 3. "A MOMENT OF VIOLENT AND RESTLESS FLIGHT . . . RECORDED WITH CONSUMMATE EASE": ONE OF THE MAI-CHI SHAN MURALS, SHOWING A BUDDHIST HEAVEN.

Continued.]

Buddhas to attain Buddha-hood on earth, the last being the historical Buddha, Sakyamuni (Ch. Shih-chia). It is linked with an early stage of Mahayana Buddhism in which worship of the Bodhisattva and Future Buddha, Maitreya (Ch. Mi-lo), predominated. Below the main niche, and to the right, is a colossal trinity comprising a Buddha attended by two Bodhisattvas (Fig. 4); as far as can be told from the photograph, this group is T'ang. Immediately to its right, above a roofed gallery, are serried rows of Buddhas representing a canonical group distinctive of Chinese Buddhist sculpture known as the Thousand Buddhas. Two isolated works found in Cave 133 are well worth reporting. One is a rare clay image of a flying *apsara* (Fig. 2), such as we mentioned last week. It is highly reminiscent of a type found at Yün-kang and I should say dates from the late fifth century A.D. The other is the *stele* of Fig. 6. Beneath an elaborate jewelled and draped canopy sits Maitreya, in his guise of Future Buddha, and in the distinctive posture called *bhadrasana*, in which both legs are pendent. On either side are two other Buddhas whom I take to be Sakyamuni and Diparkara (Ch. Ting-kuang). On the upper edges of the canopy sit paired dragons with tasseled garlands hanging from their jaws, while outside the niche are flying *apsaras* above and, below, two guardian kings (*dvarapalas*) in their usual violently-contorted pose. Above and below the main portrayal are several registers each containing a presentation of the Seven Buddhas of the Past. The style of this piece, wherein the stiff, linear rendering of drapery so typical of the high Northern Wei style gives place to a softer and more florid treatment, suggests a date in the Phase from 535 to 581 A.D., designated "Transitional" by Dr. Sirén, and "Second" by Professor Yetts. Its execution, and certain elements in its composition, are reminiscent of Northern Ch'i work. This short eastern Chinese

[Continued opposite.]

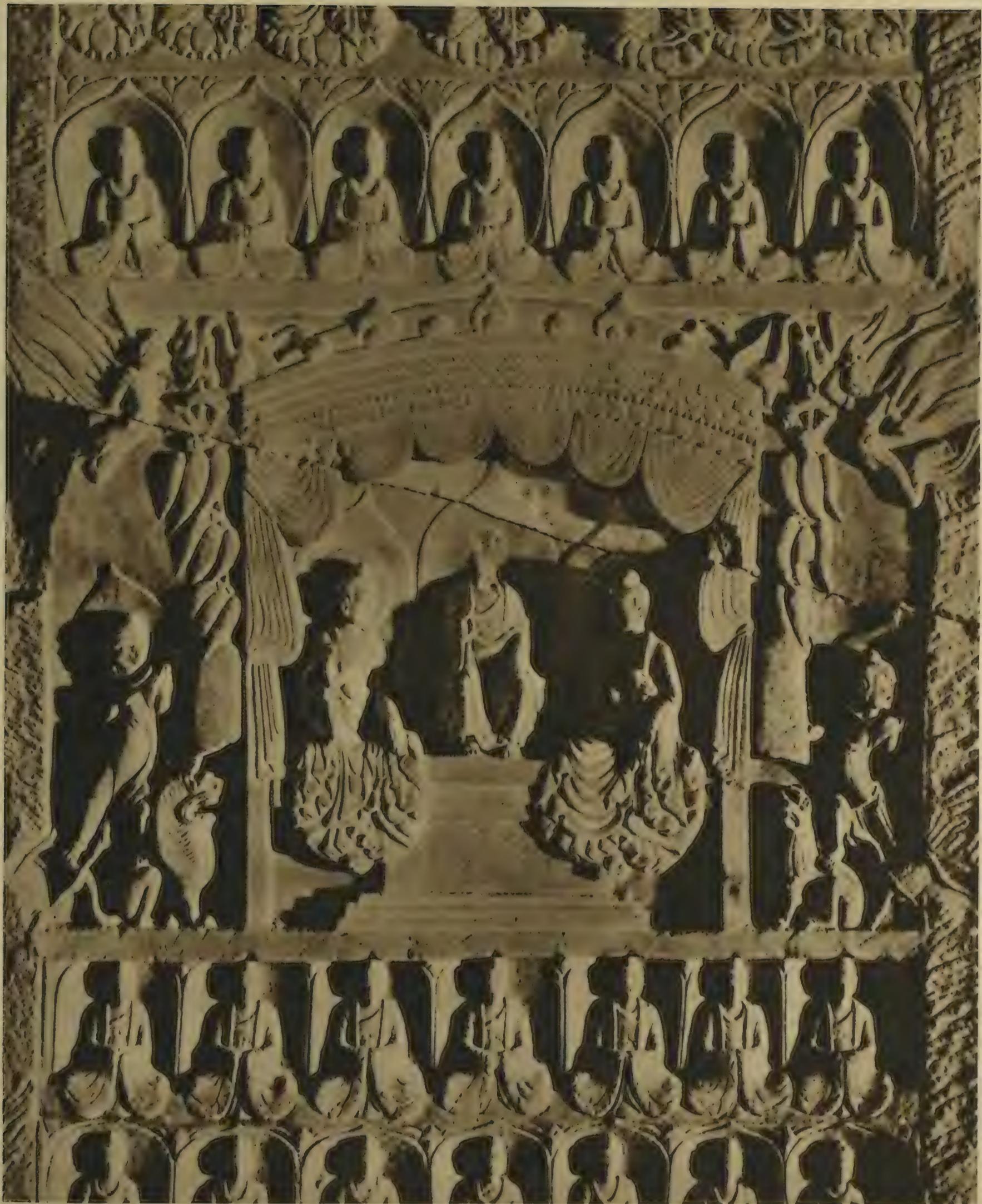


FIG. 6. STRANGELY SUGGESTING A GOTHIC FACADE: AN ELABORATELY CARVED STELE, FROM THE MAI-CHI SHAN CAVES.

Continued.

dynasty lasted from 550 to 581 A.D. In the west the corresponding dynasty was the Northern Chou, and I should say that the stele dates from not long after the middle of the century. The two murals relate closely to Northern Wei murals at Tun-huang both in theme and treatment. Their mineral colours have faded, but the bustling worldliness of the one and the phantasmal unreality of the other are as convincing as ever. Fig. 1 depicts a processional scene—a donor seated in his carriage attended by outriders and grooms. The carriage—which is a light, not to say flimsy, structure—bears a general resemblance to vehicles several hundred years older—for example, the two-wheeled and canopied chariots seen on Han bas-reliefs and, more remotely, the type found in the Pasaryk tombs dated to the 5th century B.C. (see *The Illustrated London News*, July 11, 1953, Fig. 8). It also much resembles others featured in similar processions on Buddhist steles which must be more or less contemporary. One dated 525 A.D. is of a light canopied ox-cart with a flag-pole in the same position as in our mural, and with the same curious paddle-shaped object at the side of the wheel. This is probably meant as

a protruding hub, or its cap. The elongated hub by which friction from the axle is distributed over a larger area, was a traditional feature of Far Eastern cart construction, as can be seen from Fig. 8 of the above-mentioned article. Harnessing a contraption such as this to four horses may seem improbable; four horses nevertheless appear in our mural, as they do on a Han bas-relief of the second century A.D. (see Chavannes, "Mission Archéologique," Pl. xxiv, No. 45). The mural should probably be dated to the first few decades of the sixth century A.D. I have little to add about the mural of Fig. 3. Similar themes can be found in abundance along the edges of ceilings above niches at Tun-huang, dating from Northern Wei times. The subject is a Buddhist heaven, and the celestial beings—apsaras, celestial musicians, a flying horse and even, apparently, an elephant—are rendered with surprising verve and delicacy. A moment of their violent and restless flight is recorded with consummate ease and precision, and even this small fragment displays that genius for filling a compositional framework with exciting pattern which Chinese art of all periods so powerfully asserts.

Photographs taken by members of the Chinese expedition to Mai-chi Shan and reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Collet's Holdings, Ltd.

NOTABLE AND UNUSUAL WORLD NEWS, FROM NEAR AND FAR.



ANCIENT ALMSHOUSES WHICH MAY BE ACQUIRED BY THE L.C.C. : TRINITY ALMSHOUSES, IN MILE END ROAD. Our photograph shows the entrance to Trinity Almshouses, in Mile End Road, Stepney, London, which may be acquired by the L.C.C. They comprise twenty-three almshouses and a private chapel erected towards the end of the seventeenth century and forty-four nineteenth-century almshouses.



PART OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MURAL UNCOVERED LAST DECEMBER IN THE BYWARD TOWER, TOWER OF LONDON : FIGURES OF THE VIRGIN MARY AND OF ST. MICHAEL, WHICH HAVE BEEN CLEANED BY A MINISTRY OF WORKS EXPERT.

In our issue of December 19 we illustrated the discovery of portions of a fine mural of the first half of the fourteenth century at the Tower of London. The figures uncovered suggested a Last Judgement. Those of the Virgin and of St. Michael have been cleaned.



TRYING TO PROTECT HIS TURTLE CHARGE FROM THE FREEZING COLD WEATHER WITH THE AID OF THREE HOT-WATER BOTTLES : AN OPTIMISTIC KEEPER IN THE ROME ZOO THAWING OUT A TURTLE.



NATURAL GAS IN BALUCHISTAN : THE FIRST TEST WELL AT SUI.



THE DRAMATIC SCENE DURING PRODUCTION TESTS AT WELL NO. 1, SUI, BALUCHISTAN : GAS BEING BURNT.

Gas, which has been discovered at Sui, Baluchistan, will be available for industrial consumption in Karachi and Sukkur (Sind) about the middle of 1955. Pakistan Petroleum Ltd. announced the discovery of gas in 1952, when they were searching for oil. The first test well was spudded in on October 10, 1951, and was drilled to a final depth of 10,049 ft. It failed to find oil, but a promising find of natural gas was made when tests were carried out in 1952. A second test well was spudded in December 1952, and by March 1953 had confirmed the presence of a gas field of some importance.



WITH A SPECIAL FUNNEL TO CARRY OIL-FUMES AWAY FROM THE UPPER DECK : THE P. & O. LINER *ARCADIA*. The new 29,734-ton P. & O. liner *Arcadia*, launched last May, arrived at Tilbury on February 2. A striking feature of the ship is her single "Clydebank" funnel, which is designed to keep away oil-fumes and smut from the spacious games deck immediately below.



IN MEMORY OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC FLIERS : A MONUMENT BY MR. W. MCMILLAN, R.A. This memorial, by Mr. William McMillan, R.A., is to the late Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown, who made the first non-stop crossing of the Atlantic by air. It will be erected temporarily at the Bath Road terminal of London Airport.



A PRESENT TO THE QUEEN FROM AN AFRICAN CHIEFTAINESS : A SYMBOLIC ROYAL DRUM. With the drum, presented to the Queen by a Senior Chief of the Luvale tribe in Northern Rhodesia, Chieftainess Ndungu, to mark her Majesty's Coronation, goes a wish that "her Kingdom should be as sound as this drum."

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS: TOPICAL ITEMS REPORTED BY THE CAMERA.



WEIGHING THE AGA KHAN AGAINST PLATINUM: THE KARACHI CEREMONY TO MARK THE AGA KHAN'S SEVENTIETH YEAR AS SPIRITUAL LEADER OF THE ISMAILI MUSLIM SECT.
Karachi, his birthplace and a centre of the Muslim renaissance, was chosen by the Aga Khan himself as the scene of his Platinum Jubilee and the occasion of his being weighed against platinum. For convenience' sake, token mounts of the metal were used, each ounce registering a stone. The weight recorded was 15 st. 5 lb., and the amount subscribed by the sect—about £2,600,000—will go to form a finance corporation to uplift the Ismaili community. The similar Diamond Jubilee Trust (1946) is now worth about £1,000,000 and operates in East Africa.



THE RIGHT REV. JOHN MORT (RIGHT CENTRE), THE FIRST ANGLICAN BISHOP OF NORTHERN NIGERIA, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW DIOCESE AT ST. STEPHEN'S, KANO. On January 30 the Anglican Diocese of Northern Nigeria—the first Diocese in Muslim country—was inaugurated in St. Stephen's Church, Kano, and its Bishop, the Right Rev. John Mort, was enthroned in a ceremony conducted by the Archbishop of West Africa and Bishop of Lagos, the Most Rev. Leslie Gordon Vining. Clergy from all parts of West Africa and about 1500 persons were present at the ceremony.



WHEN THE FREEDOM OF BELFAST WAS CONFERRED ON THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES: THE LORD MAYOR AND GENERAL SIR JAMES STEELE INSPECTING THE PARADE.
On February 6 the Freedom of Belfast was conferred on The Royal Ulster Rifles and the Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir James Steele, received from the Lord Mayor of the city, Alderman Sir Percival Brown, a casket and scroll. The ceremony took place in front of the City Hall and was watched by about 20,000 people.



PRAYING FOR THE HEALTH OF HIS HOLINESS THE POPE: PART OF THE CONGREGATION AT HIGH MASS AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL ON FEBRUARY 7.
On January 26 it was announced from the Vatican that the Pope was suffering from a slight indisposition and great anxiety over his condition was felt. On February 5 the first bulletin was issued by his personal physician and revealed a grave condition. On February 7 he was stated to be somewhat better, but it was added that his extreme weakness still persisted.



THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND GORDON (RIGHT CENTRE) PRESENTING THE "FERODO TROPHY" TO MR. WILLIAM LYONS, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF JAGUAR CARS, LTD., AT A LONDON CEREMONY ON FEBRUARY 3.
The "Ferodo Trophy," inaugurated in July last year for the outstanding British contribution to the sport of motor racing, was on February 3 presented to Jaguar Cars Ltd. for their success in the Le Mans 24-hour race in June 1953. The Dunlop Rubber Co., as the manufacturers of the disc brakes, were associated with the award.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP BY WOLVES: THE NINE-YEAR-OLD INDIAN BOY—NOW AT BALRAMPUR, BUT RECENTLY FOUND IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE. HE IS BADLY CRIPPLED AND MAY NEVER WALK PROPERLY.
This boy, about nine years old, is believed to have emerged from the jungles of Uttar Pradesh and to have been found in a railway carriage. He is thought to have lived on raw meat, cannot speak and is thought to have been brought up by wolves. He is being studied by experts under Professor Kali Prasad, and has been seen by Sir Philip Manson-Bahr, a tropical medicine expert.



SOME very odd things have found their way to remote corners of the earth. Their origin has been forgotten and they are treasured not for their intrinsic value—which is, as often as not, nil—but because they provide a sentimental link with the old country. I often find myself answering enquiries about this and that—for example, a Crown-Derby plate which the owner's grandmother took with her to New Zealand in the 1880's—and here in Fig. 1 is something very much out of the ordinary which has been in a house in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, for the past thirty years.

It so happens that I wrote about Fire Marks, those lead plaques which Insurance Companies used to pin on to the properties they covered; and this photograph arrived in due course with the request that I might



FIG. 1. NOT AN INSURANCE COMPANY'S FIRE MARK: A LEAD PROPERTY MARK OF MORDEN COLLEGE, BLACKHEATH.

This photograph was sent to Mr. Frank Davis from Southern Rhodesia in the belief that it was a Fire Mark—which, indeed, it resembles—with the request that he should identify the company responsible for it. He discovered that it is not a Fire Mark, but a Property Mark of Morden College, Blackheath.

identify the company responsible for it. Nothing easier; look through a catalogue or two and you are fairly sure to pick out this particular lion from a dozen others, for all these early insurance marks have been listed long ago. In this case, I drew a blank; and then I noticed something unusual about the design. First, the drawing was very much better than is usual in these things, and secondly the M.C. 1695 seemed a strange policy number. On the early plaques a number frequently appears—for example, in Fig. 2. This makes it doubly clear that the property was insured by the Leeds Company and that the owners could depend upon its fire brigade to deal with disaster. Legend also has it that frequently the wrong fire brigade would arrive first and, discovering that the poor man whose house was burning was not covered by their employers, would sit back and do nothing—but, to be sure, when one sees a collection of early fire appliances and realises how feeble they were, and how absurd was the organisation, the surprising thing is not that fires occurred so frequently, but that every city in the country was not regularly burnt to the ground at ten-year intervals. The things vary greatly in quality. The Leeds mark, for example—a ram, as befits the wool industry—is quite a vigorous piece of work, and so, in a more flamboyant manner, is the Northern Assurance Company plaque of Fig. 3, spoilt, to my mind, by banal lettering, which is what one would expect in the 1830's. The old Manchester Company—Fig. 4—sports a poor menagerie sort of lion which tries hard to be heraldic, but clearly suffers from night-starvation, or whatever was the fashionable complaint of the period—perhaps the vapours. I can't imagine any policy-holder feeling very safe under his protection, and the company

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE MERCHANT OF ALEPOO.

By FRANK DAVIS.

did, in fact, perish from pernicious anaemia about the year 1797.

I thought at first that the mark of Fig. 1 might be a variant of the Northern Assurance Company's mark, in spite of the superiority of the lettering beneath, but that hare would not run, and I had to make myself a nuisance to various likely and long-suffering people who also confessed failure. Finally darkness was dispelled by a most admirable Society (of which I am ashamed I had never heard)—the Fire Mark Circle—composed of very learned insurance people. May their shadows never grow less! From them I discovered that the mark has nothing to do with any insurance company, but is a plaque placed on all its property by Morden College, Blackheath, and the date 1695 is the year of its foundation. The secretary of the Fire Mark Circle writes as follows: "There seems to be quite a number of this particular property mark about, judging by the number of enquiries we receive. No doubt their existence in private collections is accounted for by the fact that Blackheath and district suffered considerably from the attention of German raiders."

Now a word about the College and its founder. Part of the story is ascertainable fact, part singularly agreeable and romantic legend which all good men will wish to believe—at least, over the walnuts and the wine. First the facts. John Morden was born in 1623 in the parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street, the son of John Morden, Citizen and Goldsmith. When he was thirty-nine he married Susan, daughter of Joseph Brand, of Edwardstone Hall, in Suffolk. His brother-in-law, Sir Samuel Barnardistone, was at one time resident in Smyrna as agent of the Turkey Company, and later became Deputy Director of the East India Company. This family connection was no doubt of great service to him as a merchant trading with the Levant. In 1688 he was created a Baronet by James II., and in 1691 he became a Commissioner of Excise and a Justice of the Peace for the County of Kent. He began the building of his college in 1695, under the guidance of Sir Christopher Wren, and administered it personally until his death in 1708.

Now the legend. There is no actual evidence that Sir John ever left England, though ample that he was engaged in an extensive foreign trade, but the story says that after living many years at Aleppo, he loaded three ships with the whole of his merchandise and sent them on a trading voyage, intending to follow them and settle down at home. When he arrived in London there was no news of ships or cargoes, and he was, in the end, compelled to take a job with a

accident or misfortune in their honest endeavour to get their living by way of trading." In his will he directed that seven trustees should be appointed to carry out his wishes. These were to be chosen, firstly, from the Turkey Company, of which he was a director, and secondly, from the East India Company. Then comes a remarkably far-sighted clause, to the effect that should there be no company trading to the



FIG. 2. QUITE A VIGOROUS PIECE OF WORK: AN EARLY FIRE MARK OF THE LEEDS COMPANY.

The Leeds Company Fire Mark dates from 1777, and like many other early Fire Marks bears a number to make it doubly clear that the property was insured by the Leeds Company.



FIG. 3. SPOILT BY BANAL LETTERING: THE NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY FIRE MARK.

This Fire Mark bears a lion in heraldic style, but is somewhat spoilt by the banal lettering. It dates from 1836, and this "is what one would expect in the 1830's."

East, the Trustees were to be appointed from the Court of Aldermen of the City of London—and so it is to this day.

The Foundation now provides for some forty-two residents and certain out-pensions. Whether you believe this admirable legend or no does not matter—the practical results of John Morden's foresight are still with us, together with a fine example of late seventeenth-century architecture. And how very odd that years ago someone should have taken the trouble to pack up this property mark and travel with it all the way to Southern Rhodesia!—but then, household gods are of various sorts and sentimental ties with the old country are very strong. Two questions occur to me; how many other unimportant but historically interesting things of this type are spread about Africa and elsewhere whose origin has been forgotten; what other English foundations similar to John Morden's College were in the habit of identifying their property with a distinguishing mark as well-designed as this? I cannot call any to mind, but there may be dozens. If so, may I express the hope that an innocent enquiry from Rhodesia and the answer given above will not encourage otherwise honourable citizens anxious to complete their collections to creep round at dead of night with ladders and remove the marks without first obtaining permission from the owners?



FIG. 4. DATING FROM THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE FIRE MARK OF THE OLD MANCHESTER COMPANY.

"The old Manchester Company . . . sports a poor menagerie sort of lion which tries hard to be heraldic, but clearly suffers from night-starvation . . ."



FIG. 5. BEARING A LION WITH A SOMEWHAT COY EXPRESSION: THE MARK OF THE BRITISH FIRE OFFICE.

The British Fire Office was founded in 1799 and absorbed by the Sun in 1843. The Mark bears a lively-looking lion with a somewhat coy expression.



FIG. 6. A NINETEENTH-CENTURY FIRE MARK: THE LION INSURANCE COMPANY MARK.

The lions on all the Insurance Company Fire Marks are inferior in design to the fine heraldic animal on the Morden College Property Mark. This example looks a tired beast.

Finally, as additional proof of the superiority in style and treatment of the Morden College property mark to that of the insurance companies, here are two other lions. Fig. 5 is the mark of the British Fire Office, founded in 1799 and absorbed by the Sun in 1843; and Fig. 6 is that of the Lion, founded 1879 and amalgamated with the Yorkshire in 1902.

"THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CATS":
WINNERS AT THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES SHOW.



ON February 2, at the Royal Horticultural Society Hall, "the most beautiful cats in the world" competed for titles and championships in 193 classes at the fiftieth Championship Show of the Southern Counties Cat Club. This Club draws its membership from a very much wider area than its title suggests, and there were in all about 400 cats exhibited. There were many visitors from overseas and some of

[Continued below, right.]

(LEFT.) FIRST PRIZE-WINNER FOR CREAM, LONG-HAIRED MALE CATS AT THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES' CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW: MRS. F. MAYNE'S REDWALLS BATH OLIVER.



A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF THE BEST KITTEN IN THE SHOW: MRS. E. LANGSTON'S *FIDELIO OF ALLINGTON*, A CHINCHILLA MALE, WHO WAS ALSO RUNNER-UP FOR THE BEST-OF-THE-SHOW TITLE.



THE CHAMPION ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS: MRS. MEADOWS' *RAMILLY POOH BEAR*, BEST EXHIBIT IN THE SHOW AND BEST SEAL-POINTED SIAMESE FEMALE IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

Continued.]

the champion cats, especially in the long-haired classes, were expected to change owners at about £100 each. The show was held in very cold weather, and many of the cats were more interested in their rugs and hot-water bottles than in exhibiting their graces; but the long-haired classes in particular were in full coat. The Show Championship was, however, won by a short-haired cat, Mrs. Meadows' seal-pointed Siamese female, *Ramilly Pooh Bear*.



WITH HER BLUE PERSIAN HARPUR BLUE BOY, FIRST IN THE ANY COLOUR SENIOR CAT CLASS: MISS DENISE MCLAGLEN, THE ACTRESS-NIECE OF THE FILM-STAR, MR. VICTOR MCLAGLEN.



FIRST OF HER BREED—THE TORTOISESHELL AND WHITE LONG-HAIRED—
MRS. L. OWEN JONES'S CHAMPION SHEEPFOLD PAINTED LADY.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ANTICIPATING THE PORTCULLIS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SPIDERS tend to hide their light under a bushel. Most people probably think the bushel is not sufficiently large, for there is a dislike, as widespread as it is difficult to explain, of these animals. It is perhaps their general secretiveness, coupled with this human aversion to them, that denies them the limelight enjoyed by a group such as insects. Yet, while we admire the adaptiveness of insects and their great variety of form and colour, their tricks of camouflage, we overlook that spiders rival them in many of these things. Taking all their species, throughout the world, spiders combine an infinite variety in the form and cunning of their webs and snares. Their range of colour, too, is great, but passes unnoticed largely because they are spiders and we do not wish to observe them closely. As to their tricks of camouflage, these probably exceed anything known elsewhere in the animal kingdom. But nothing about them is more remarkable than the forms they assume. A spider is always recognisable as such, with its eight legs and body made up of two parts, the cephalothorax, or head and thorax combined, and the abdomen. While the cephalothorax remains fairly constant, the abdomen may be rounded or elongated, or it may assume a wide variety of geometric forms; and in some instances most grotesque shapes. It may be patterned with warts and tubercles, with spines and thorns, even fantastic excrescences. Perhaps the most remarkable in this respect are those species in which the hind-end of the abdomen is truncated, as if neatly cut off with a knife.

There is a trap-door spider of South Africa, *Galeosoma schreineri*, which, after the manner of its kind, excavates a vertical tunnel or shaft in the earth, fashioning at its entrance a lid or trap-door. It seems that the general habit of trap-door spiders is to lie in wait just beneath the trap-door, with the lid lifted slightly, to keep watch for passing prey. From the look of this contrivance, one might excusably suppose that such a lid not only served as a ruse for offence, keeping the predator concealed while permitting it a chink through which to watch for its prey, but also as a means of defence, giving its owner the opportunity to slam the door in the face of its pursuer. If that were so, then *Galeosoma* would be the epitome of pessimism, for it not only has the trap-door, but a truncated and armoured abdomen which fits the entrance to the shaft like a cork in a bottle, and bars the way to enemies. *Galeosoma* has, in fact, anticipated by millions of years the human invention of the drawbridge and portcullis.

The hind-quarters of *Galeosoma* are shaped like the base of a cartridge-case and covered with a toughened cuticle, impervious to the sting of the hunting wasp, which is its chief enemy. Once within its shaft, it presents its back to the enemy, a back armoured and impregnable, and so exactly filling the shaft that even the slender probe of the wasp's sting can find no means of entry to attack the softer fore-quarters, the usual point of attack. Clearly, there can be disadvantages to such close-fitting security, and once inside the shaft, if special provision was not made, the spider would be unable to turn. Exit would only be by walking backwards, giving the spider no opportunity to lurk

under the trap-door to wait for its next meal. To overcome this, the spider enlarges the shaft just below the exit, to give itself room to turn. The

very enlarging of the shaft would mean, however, that with the spider at the bottom of the shaft, it would be at the mercy of any hunting wasp that surreptitiously lifted the lid and entered. Anticipating such a situation, by blind instinct, we may presume, the spider does not enlarge the whole of the shaft, but allows it to remain narrow lower down, where, in the second line of defence, the truncated rear-quarters can be again presented to the enemy.

For a long time, it was only assumed that all this took place. The shape of the shaft was known, so was the shape and armour of the abdomen, and these together made any other explanation unfeasible. In more recent years, however, the process has been actually observed.

accident of heredity may be responsible for the shape of the body, the behaviour of the beast is so designed that it makes the maximum use of whatever heredity may have provided. In a wide sense, we see this same principle at work throughout

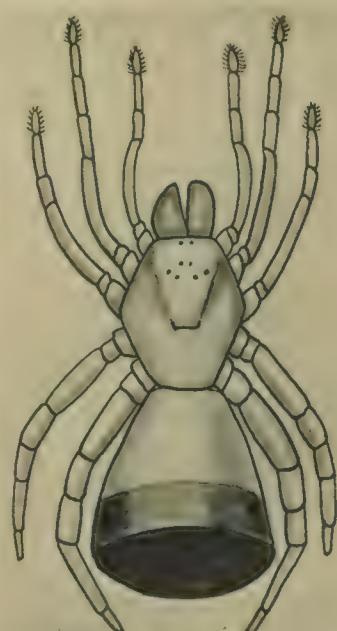
the animal kingdom. Moreover, in a more restricted way, we see the truncated abdomen, or its equivalent, appearing in one group of animals after another, and always being put to the same use. There is a toad, *Bufo empusus*, for example, which lives in a burrow. It has a patch of toughened skin on the head which it uses to close the entrance to the burrow. Many insects, such as species of termites, of ants and of beetles, have similarly armoured parts to the body, usually the head, which are used for this same purpose. Lower in the animal scale, there are a number of tube-dwelling marine worms which have a tentacle expanded, and when they withdraw into their tubes, this expanded tentacle is, again, used to bar the entrance. The same principle is seen in the black, tough operculum of a winkle or the operculum of a snail.

In a sense, all these things are simple and common-place, and yet there seems to be a profound thought underlying them. The findings of genetics leave little

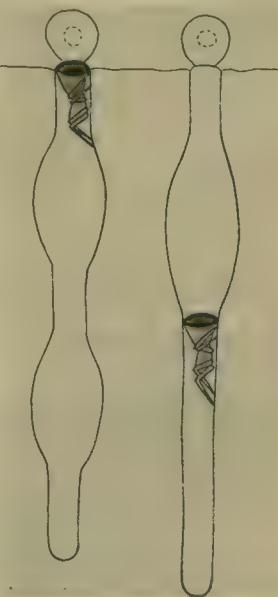
doubt that shapes of bodies, or parts thereof, are determined by random mutation—that is, the accident of change in the mechanism for heredity. Behaviour patterns, too, are largely influenced by the same causes. Yet it is noticeable, to return to this phenomenon of phragmisis, as it has been called—that is, the blocking of a tunnel or tube with an armoured part of the body—that the behaviour always fits perfectly with the structure provided. This could be due to the weeding-out by natural selection. An animal having a truncated abdomen and using it for defence in a burrow will tend to survive to perpetuate its kind. Any not using it will tend to perish and its line die out. At the same time, it is not easy to call to mind examples of animals having such armoured parts and not using them. There is, for instance, no reason to suppose that a

spider having a truncated abdomen could not live above ground equally well. Nevertheless, we do not find this. Rather it seems that there is, even in animals of low organisation, an appreciation of simple mechanical devices and an awareness of a menace to security. However dim such appreciation or awareness may be, combined they would suffice to make the behaviour of the animal take advantage of the structures provided. In other words, it may be that evolution is not the blind process, the purely chance process, we normally suppose it to be, but one in which, to a degree increasing as we ascend the animal scale, the individual does contribute something to its own destiny, and to that of the species to which it belongs, even though the tools provided are there by the workings of accidental change, or random mutation, as it is called.

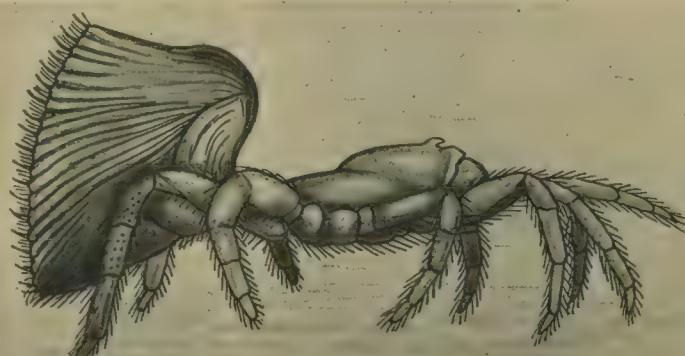
Perhaps the most remarkable thing is that we should find such close similarity in two species so far apart as a spider and an armadillo. The Fairy armadillo of South America has the armour usual in members of its class, but it is mole-like in its habits. The end of its body is also truncated and armoured, and, so we are told, it also uses this rear armour to close the entrance to its burrow from attack.



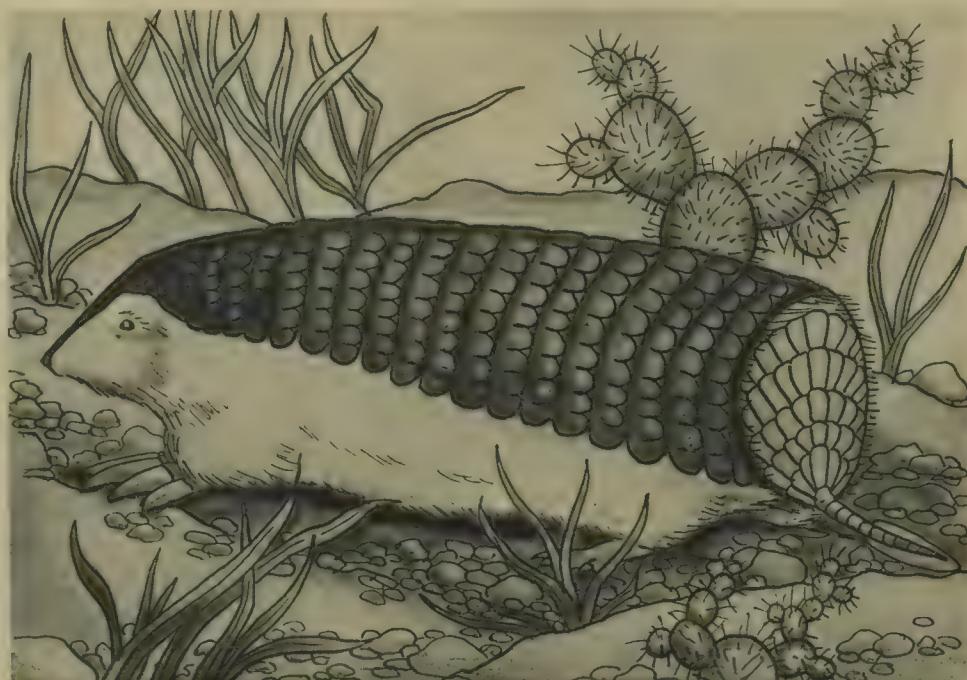
WITH AN ABDOMEN LIKE THE BASE OF A CARTRIDGE-CASE: A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER OF SOUTH AFRICA (*Galeosoma schreineri*). THE TRUNCATED AND ARMoured ABDOMEN IS USED AS A DEFENCE AGAINST ENEMIES. (After Berland.)



THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER (*Galeosoma schreineri*) AT HOME, SHOWING THE METHOD OF STOPPING THE ENTRANCE TO THE BURROW WITH THE TRUNCATED AND TOUGHENED ABDOMEN. ON THE RIGHT THE SPIDER IS SEEN AT ITS SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE AGAINST ENEMIES. (After Hewitt.)



SHOWING THE TRUNCATED AND RICHLY ORNAMENTED ABDOMEN: A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER OF CHINA (*Halonoprotus ricketti*). (After Hormann-Fisher.)



THE FAIRY ARMADILLO, OR PICHICIEGO, OF THE ARGENTINE, AN ARMADILLO OF SMALL SIZE AND MOLE-LIKE HABITS. IT ALSO IS SAID TO CLOSE THE ENTRANCE TO ITS BURROW WITH ITS FLATTENED AND ARMoured HIND-QUARTERS. (Drawings by Jane Burton.)

A wasp has been seen to enter the shaft for the kill, only to be frustrated by the cork-in-bottle use made of the armoured abdomen. It is one of the more interesting thoughts that, while the

FRENCH 19TH AND 20TH CENTURY PAINTINGS,
AND A RARE RENOIR BRONZE, NOW ON VIEW.

"AU BORD DE LA MER À TROUVILLE"; BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877). PAINTED c. 1865.
SIGNED IN THE LOWER LEFT CORNER. (Canvas; 17 by 25½ ins.)



"FEMME À L'OMBRELLE DANS LE JARDIN DE M. FOREST"; BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901). PAINTED 1889.
Peinture à l'essence on cardboard; 27½ by 27½ ins.



"MADAME RENOIR"; A BRONZE BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). DATE 1916, BUT A REPRESENTATION OF THE SITTER IN HER YOUTH. (24 ins. high.)



"PORTRAIT DE PAUL VALPINÇON"; BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). PAINTED 1868-72. A CELEBRATED WORK.
Canvas; 12½ by 9½ ins.



"CARMEN"; BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901). PAINTED 1885. THE STAMP OF BARON DE RIVIÈRE ON THE BACK. (Canvas; 9½ by 10½ ins.)



"ÉGLISE DE CAMPAGNE"; BY MAURICE UTRILLO (b. 1883). SIGNED LOWER RIGHT. PAINTED IN 1912. (Canvas; 21½ by 27 ins.)

A particularly fine collection of French Paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been assembled for the current exhibition at the Lefèvre Gallery, Bruton Street; and in addition four of the rare Renoir bronzes are on view. Renoir only became interested in sculpture at the end of his long life and, with the exception of a very few early attempts, his sculpture dates from between his seventy-third and seventy-fifth years. He was then so crippled that he had to be carried from his bed to the wheel-chair from which he worked. At first he modelled the clay with sticks of wood held between his shrivelled fingers; later



"TROUVILLE"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1825-1898). SIGNED LOWER LEFT. A VERY BEAUTIFUL SEASCAPE, DATED '94. (Canvas; 10½ by 13½ ins.)

he was assisted by a young sculptor, Richard Guino. Most of his subjects were figures or scenes he chose from among his old canvases. The bronze bust of Madame Renoir which we illustrate, executed after her death in 1915, was made from a portrait of thirty years before, not long after her marriage, and shows her as a young girl. We also reproduce a selection of the paintings from the exhibition, all of very high quality. The Degas portrait of Paul Valpinçon is one of his finest portraits. It was shown at the Orangerie in Paris, and at the 1949 Degas Loan Exhibition in New York.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CUTTING A FIGURE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

LIKE many people never much good at figures, I have had an irrational passion for statistics. Multiplication is vexation, and for me a vulgar fraction has rarely been anything but vulgar. Yet put me down before, say, a record of populations, a list of high jumps, or a tabulated page or so on the lengths of the world's railway bridges, and there is no kind of complaint.

As for "Wisden"—but to speak of this magnificent volume is to be a starving man yearning for a banquet. It is always in the grip of a junior member of the family; and I can hear only on rare occasions what were the batting averages of Western Australia in 1898-99. However, I have my own solace: "Who's Who in the Theatre," and its record of long runs. This is the "Wisden" of the stage; it prickles with the right brand of statistics.

I have had it out even more than usual during the last frigid days. It is changing-time in the West End theatre. "Last weeks" here, "Last nights" there; soon the play-list must look unfamiliar, newly fashioned for spring. The announcements, I see, include a transfer. The admirable "Seagulls Over Sorrento," which is to move from the Apollo to the Duchess, has passed 1500 performances. And "Reluctant Heroes," still on the Whitehall stage, is declaring, with a certain gleam in the eye, "4th Yr." One of these plays is about naval life, the other allegedly about life in the Army. The authors, Hugh Hastings (of "Sorrento") and Colin Morris (of "Reluctant Heroes"), should get together for a celebration with R. F. Delderfield, who wrote the now fabulous "Worm's Eye View" about R.A.F. men in billets.

At any mention of "Worm's Eye View," which ran for yrs. and yrs., a theatre statistician bristles a little. There is conflict; I doubt whether it will ever be resolved. To venture is dangerous; it takes us far out on cat-ice. Let me say hastily that, in the official view, a run should be continuous. The late John Parker, soundest of theatrical historians, the stage's Master of the Rolls, held that "Worm's Eye View" could not claim the "longest-run" record because,

chooses as the real starting-point Boucicault's "The Colleen Bawn," which had 156 consecutive nights when it first appeared in 1860. (Before this a variety of plays had exceeded 100 nights.) By now the number of 100-night productions is in the region of 2000, and it grows fast.

We recognise, of course, a danger that statistics may govern history. The mere fact that a play is a "long run" need not mean that it has any durable quality except on a long-run list. Most of the pieces

upon his lists, a statistician finds that "Charley's Aunt," from its first appearance in December 1892, ran for 1466 performances. "The Private Secretary" and the bath-bun (1884) had only 785 performances, but they can claim two "more than 100" revivals against one of this length for "Charley's Aunt" and the exports of Brazil. The historian purrs mildly over his tables; and why not? It matches a paper-cricketer's delight in realising that a red-haired left-hander captained the Merionethshire

Irregulars in 1898 and again in 1905. (That is probably wrong; accept my apology at once.)

Ghoulish playgoers may suggest a new feature for the next edition of the "Who's Who." We have all the "more than 100" plays carefully tabulated. Very well. Then what about the "under 10" plays, the unhappy failures that perished in a week, or even in a night? Their bones whiten the shore, and we have no memorial to them. The dead-in-a-night play used to be a rarity. Although it still is, I have been present during the last twelve months at two premières that were also farewell performances. It is a perplexing business. A piece that seemed to me, some time ago, to be worse than either of the two single-nighters, lasted for 200 performances; and one horror-of-horrors blots the "above-500" list. A record of the theatre's batting averages can be salutary: it shows many a too-confident prophet just what a prophecy has been worth.

During this marking-time period I have been to the revival of a play that is fairly high in the long-run list, Philip Yordan's "Anna Lucasta" (428 performances, at what was then His Majesty's, in 1947-48). At this point an addict, scurrying through the pages, finds that "Anna" cut an even prettier figure in New York (1944 and on), where its 957 performances brought it among the first twenty in the American league table.

Resolutely closing the book (Mr. Priestley's gaze is upon me) and pushing figures aside, I can report that the present revival, by a Negro cast at the Hippodrome, does not harm a sturdy drama. Beginning dully enough, it grabs the interest and clenches it. And Isabelle Cooley, as the Brooklyn street-walker



"IT IS STILL A GOOD, BOLD DRAMA, DEVELOPING AFTER AN UNCERTAIN START. ON A SHARP NIGHT THE NEGRO PLAYERS WARMED THE THEATRE. THEY DEAL EFFICIENTLY WITH PHILIP YORDAN'S BEST SCENES AND DO WHAT THEY CAN WITH THE MINOR ONES": "ANNA LUCASTA" (HIPPODROME), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE CURRENT REVIVAL, WITH TERESA, ANNA'S MOTHER (BEE FREEMAN), AND STELLA (ANITA TURNER; RIGHT).

in the "over-500" table (where, for statisticians, a play may be said to take a First Class) are quite ephemeral. One day, students will wrinkle the brow over "Together Again" (1566 performances), "A Little Bit of Fluff" (1241), "Romance" (1049), and "The Wind and the Rain" (1001, a nice Arabian Nights figure). There are several oddities, "Folies Bergère Revue," "The Better 'Ole," "Piccadilly Hayride," "Joy-Bells," "Get a Load of This," and so on.

J. B. Priestley has protested against the "long-run standard." He wrote fiercely—perhaps a trifle too fiercely—a few years ago: "This whole 'long run' nonsense ought to be dropped. It is bad for playwrights, players and the public. No production is worth seeing after it has been running, without a break, for a year." And he said also: "Long runs are artistically indefensible; they are a nightmare for any conscientious and sensitive player."

Hard pounding, gentlemen! Still, nobody, I presume, can seriously challenge Priestley's view (though the level of performance in a long-runner can sometimes keep up remarkably), or grow hoarse

with contending that the veteran play is necessarily the best play. It is all purely artificial. Never mind. Theatrical arithmetic can beguile pleasantly. At this breathing-space in the year, when the old friends go out and new boys unpack their boxes, it is tempting to wonder which of the arrivals, if any, will be in the list two or three years hence.

As I write, two of the plays announced are old faiths of the stage. It is a curious chance that brings "The Private Secretary" and "Charley's Aunt" into the West End together, not at Christmas, and in theatres hardly a bowshot apart. Swooping



A REVIVAL OF BRANDON THOMAS'S CELEBRATED PLAY, WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN AT THE APOLLO THEATRE ON FEBRUARY 10: "CHARLEY'S AUNT," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT II., WITH (L. TO R.) CHARLES WYKEHAM (DAVID EVANS), KITTY (JENNIFER WRIGHT), DONNA LUCIA (GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES), JACK (SIMON LACK), LORD FANCOURT BABBERLEY (JOHN MILLS), SPETTIGUE (PHILIP STANTON), BRASSETT (ELIOT MAKEHAM) AND AMY (JOY RODGERS).

who discovers peace of mind after various theatrical perils, makes something of the impression that Hilda Simms made in the past. She has a similar sincerity, a similar poise. Miss Cooley can take a stage—observe her entry in the last scene—and she can listen, always an under-valued gift. The rest of the cast can fill in suitably, though I did miss Frederick O'Neal, the bullying head-of-oak from the 1947 company.

And now my hand strays again to "Who's Who in the Theatre." Do you remember "The Bells of Haslemere"? Shame upon you if you do not: 282 performances at the Adelphi (1887-88). And who is

the only dramatist ever to have written two plays, each with more than 1000 consecutive performances? The answer is Terence Rattigan, and the plays are "French Without Tears" and "While the Sun Shines." Good. Now let me tell you the story of "Chu-Chin-Chow" . . .

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ANNA LUCASTA" (Hippodrome).—It is still a good, bold drama, developing after an uncertain start. On a sharp night the Negro players warmed the theatre. They deal efficiently with Philip Yordan's best scenes and do what they can with the minor ones. An uncommon performance is Isabelle Cooley's Anna. Her emotion is unrestrained, and when she is silent you can almost hear her thinking. (February 2.)

during 1947, it was withdrawn from the Whitehall Theatre for two months before revival on the same stage. During the first lap, from December 1945 to May 1947, it registered 500 performances. Upon its return, it continued—at the Whitehall and the Comedy—for a further 1745 performances. The last figure alone sends it into third place in the long-run list. But the inflexible Mr. Parker could not agree that the figures should be lumped together to take the piece above "Chu-Chin-Chow" (2238) and "Blithe Spirit" (1997). Does it matter? Not, I suppose, to anyone but a statistician, a slide-rule man. Still, whenever the long-run record is in danger again, out will come the "Worm's Eye" figures; the play, far after the term of its natural life, runs on in argument.

As John Parker said, the "long run," in our sense of the phrase, began only in the last eighty or ninety years. He

TREASURES FROM PETWORTH: A NOTABLE LONDON LOAN EXHIBITION.



"ELIZABETH LADY TAYLOR"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, R.A. (1723-1792). (Canvas; 50 by 39½ ins.)



"AN ACTRESS"; BY JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1734/5-1810). THE LADY, STANDING IN THE ATTRACTIVE INTERIOR, IS UNIDENTIFIED. (Canvas; 39 by 44½ ins.)



"BRIGHTON FROM THE SEA"; BY JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851). PAINTED C. 1830 FOR LORD EGREMONT. (Canvas; 25 by 52 ins.)

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. John Wyndham, famous treasures from Petworth, one of the great houses of England, have been brought to London for a Loan Exhibition at Messrs. Wildenstein's New Bond Street Galleries in aid of the National Trust. The Duke of Wellington opened the exhibition last week and it will continue until March 6. There is only room in the gallery for a small proportion of the pictures and works of art at Petworth, and the exhibits have been chosen with a view to presenting a harmonious ensemble, and at the same time showing as many items as possible that have not been exhibited in recent years; and the result provides a remarkable display illustrating the

"organic growth of a great country-house collection." Some eighteenth-century furniture, a few pieces of silver, a Sèvres bowl and the famous Leconfield head of Aphrodite in Parian marble, attributed to Praxiteles, are on view, as well as a number of fine paintings. The Van Dycks are not included, owing to their size. Madame de Randan, subject of the sixteenth-century French portrait, was Fulvia Pico della Mirandola, Maid of Honour to Queen Catherine de' Medici, and wife of Charles de Larochefoucauld, Comte de Randan. It is inscribed "de Randan."



"A SETTER"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF A DOG SET IN A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE. (Canvas; 39 by 49 ins.)



(RIGHT.)
"MADAME DE RANDAN." FRENCH SCHOOL. C. 1550. THE SITTER WAS A MAID OF HONOUR TO CATHERINE DE' MEDICI. (Panel; 8½ by 6½ ins.)



"LAZARUS OR LE JEUNE VIOLINISTE"; BY LOUIS (?) (1593-1648), AND MATHIEU LE NAIN (1600-1677). SIGNED LE NAIN 1642. (Canvas; 31 by 36 ins.)



RIVALLING ANY DRAGON OF MYTHOLOGY OR DEMONIAC INVENTION OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH OR BRUEGHEL: THE HEAD OF A CŒLACANTH.



THE FIRST COMPLETE CŒLACANTH TO BE PUT ON EXHIBITION: A SPECIMEN CAUGHT OFF MADAGASCAR IN SEPTEMBER AND PRESENTED TO THE PARIS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

NATURE'S MASTERPIECE OF UGLINESS EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE PARIS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM CŒLACANTH.

The coelacanth—a word which means "hollow spine"—is the strange prehistoric fish which, until a few years ago, was thought to have been extinct for 50,000,000 years. The first specimen was caught in 1938, and others in 1952 and 1953, while on January 28 last two more were taken off Madagascar; and a third on January 31. Professor Millot, of the Institute of Scientific Research in Antananarivo, Madagascar, has presented a coelacanth caught off the coast of Madagascar last September to the Paris Natural

History Museum, where it is being put on view. The scientific importance of the discovery of these fish is great, and it is also important as having established the accuracy of the work of the palaeontologists, for their deductions from fragmentary coelacanth fossils have now been proved to be perfectly correct. It was announced on January 17 that an international expedition to go in search of further specimens in the Indian Ocean was being organised. It will probably spend two years on the task.



NATURE'S CLOWN AT THE TOP OF HIS FORM: THE YOUNG ELEPHANT SEAL, A RECENT ARRIVAL AT THE VINCENNES ZOO, PARIS LOOKS UP HAPPILY THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE.

This young elephant seal looking up through a hole in the ice bears a striking resemblance to a circus clown. The creature arrived at the Vincennes Zoo, Paris, from the Kerguelen Islands, in the Southern Indian Ocean, to the south-east of the Cape of Good Hope and south-west of Australia, and went on a hunger strike.

The recent bitterly cold weather, however, made it feel, no doubt, that it was, after all, at home, and its appetite is now happily restored. It is a young animal, and has not yet developed the characteristic snout, resembling a small trunk, or proboscis, which is responsible for the name, elephant seal, given to the species.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE flow of serious novels, though remarkable, is not unbroken, and those who must have something they can get their teeth into, or chalk up to their intellectual credit, will find this an off-week. But for the less austere it is all right. It offers three varieties of entertainment, and they can choose their line.

Of course, the nice work is "The Gipsy in the Parlour," by Margery Sharp (Collins; 10s. 6d.)—a piece of really elegant confectionery, by a mistress hand. It has a hackneyed yet inveigling theme: that of the little green-eyed snake, offspring of the eternal Becky, worming her way into the garden. And in this case, what a garden! The year is about 1870; and the Sylvester farm in Devon is an abode of giants. At first they were black, womanless, and wild as hawks. And then the eldest son, Tobias, went into Norfolk for a ram, and came back with a golden bride—a tall, vast, bountiful and bawling goddess, who put the mildewed manor-house to rights, tamed its wild men, and fixed up two of the survivors with congenital wives, outsize and golden as herself. Now the Sylvester women are a landmark; but they had only sons, who have all fled the coop to find more room at the Antipodes. And yet there is a child around the farm—a little London girl, morally congealed in her own home, expanding each year in the Devon summer and the aunts' sunlike rays. It is this child, grown up, who tells the story.

It was to start with wedding-bells. For Uncle Stephen, the youngest, slightest of the Sylvesters, has gone to Plymouth, and actually picked up a bride. To all the aunts, his enterprise is a colossal joke. They have been trumpeting it up and down, joyfully bragging *a priori* of their own eclipse—and lo! the new young woman is an "emmet": small, pale, incapable and chicken-thin. This is discomfiting indeed; but, says Aunt Charlotte, she must presumably have female charm, and anyhow they can afford her.

Only the child is rather dubiously taken. At home she reads three novelettes a week, and Fanny Davis, though a humble milliner by trade, seems to have walked out of a novelette. She talks like one; and she abounds in confidences to her "little friend."

Next year the fascination deepens. On her wedding eve, Fanny went into a decline. Now she is lying in the aunts' parlour, giving genteel at-homes, while the glad noise is hushed and the united goddesses have fallen out. Even their little protégé forsakes them for the parlour fire. And the year after that, they are all old and spent, ready to sweep into an almshouse. Such was the emmet's grand design. But she revives too quick, and is exuberantly foiled in the last act. The child's rôle is ingenious; her winter service as a go-between makes an effective change, and though the characters are all shop-window, they are none the worse. This is a tale to be enjoyed, not scrutinised.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Youngest Son," by J. L. Hodson (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is rather long and flat, given to friendly nods and winks, like a tame British comedy. But, on the other hand, it is about the film trade in its morning hour. Milton has been involved from the word go; as an exceedingly small boy, he had his station on the bag of gas that made the projector work. His mother didn't really like it; but then, it was his father, "Masher" Agecroft, who displayed the films, the very first in Saddlebridge. The locale was a gutted shop, with customers on both sides of the screen—because they couldn't see from the far end. And a foundation customer was young Joe Brighouse. But he won't stay outside; he is a proper card, and chock-full of ideas. And he is somehow drawn to little Milton, with his "heavenly" air; so when the gas eventually goes up, taking the child along, it is young Joe who manages to haul him out. And it is Joe who has the phoenix-like suggestions for a new beginning. Why not convert a disused chapel? And why not make some of the films?

After one look at Chrissie Agecroft, he has another reason why. She is all flowerlike charm, never stops acting for a minute, and is henceforth his lodestar. But it is Masher Agecroft who finances them—via his boon companion, Mr. Rigby—and who imports that twice-bogus Italian, Federico el Carminetti, as an expert aide. As a result, the profits vanish like a dream, and Federico makes off with the star. For his true expertness is in beguilement. Joe's thwarted love, the Masher's lamentable end, and the way Milton takes it provide the human drama—for which one can't say a great deal. Even the film beginnings have a dusty look. But they are raked together with some verve, and the whole story is disarmingly well meant.

"Fleming of Honister," by Graham Sutton (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), though rather awkwardly devised, might be my own choice of the three. It takes us back into the 1870's, with a romance of railways, Cumberland and stone. John Fleming, the narrator, worked as an expert quarryman until he fell in with Tom Burland, who is a railway engineer. They are still making the new line from Settle to Carlisle, and Burland has it at his doorstep. In those wild hills, the scene of viaducts and tunnels without end, there is a problem almost every yard, and often stone is the deciding factor. So John is lured into the game; work and a late-born, idolised young sister are the two passions of his life. . . . And while he is away in Armathwaite, Joanna gets into a peck of trouble. This is the awkward spot; for her adventure with the Irish, horse-coping young gipsy who can read her mind, has to be quite a separate theme. It is all homely, genial and full of matter; though such a quantity of rugged worth gave me a certain taste for the glib villain.

"In the Wake of a Stranger," by Ian Stuart Black (Dakers; 9s. 6d.), is a real novelty in crime. The seaman Cassidy, on three days' leave from the *North Star*, loses no time in getting drunk. Later he falls over a corpse, tenderly guides it to a rubbish-dump, and there forgets it. The corpse, a bookmaker named Bloom, has been decoyed and killed in a bombed house, and Joyce has almost been a witness—she saw the murderers, but thought the dead man was a drunk. The story has an element of marking-time; but it has ingenuity and grip, and Cassidy, the "magical" yet flawed, is an appealing hero.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RUINATION.

I HAVE been pondering deeply over Miss Rose Macaulay's thesis that "to be fascinated by ruins has always, it would seem, been a human tendency." Certainly she can bring a wealth of evidence in support of it, and victory, in a matter of this kind, tends to lie with the big quotations. Miss Macaulay is able to cite, almost in a breath, Lord Byron and the late Miss Marie Lloyd, and proceeds to pulverise us with the prophets of the Old Testament before embarking on a vast parade of "ruinological" testimony which embraces both the Horaces (Walpole and Q. Flaccus), Prudentius, Strabo, Shelley, two of the three Sitwells and Colonel James Tod. Whatever one may think of her thesis, "Pleasure of Ruins" (George Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 25s.) is a book of rare enchantment and delight. We are taken on a gigantic and melancholy excursion through the great ruins of dead cities, palaces and temples of classical and pre-classical Western Europe, of the gorgeous (but now dusty and jungle-swamped) East, of sand-engulfed North Africa, of the Peruvian forests. We brood over the Capitol with Gibbon and Goethe; we ride with Lady Hester Stanhope into Palmyra, and are entertained as though we were Queen Zenobia; we approve, at Carthage, the sensible observations of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—first and bluest of blue-stockings. Miss Macaulay enjoys it all very much, and makes us enjoy it too—never more than when one or other of her industrious travellers becomes slightly silly. She gives us a delightful sketch of how the Comte de Volney, sitting on the trunk of a broken column above Palmyra, "assembled his thoughts on the Ruins of Empire." Too long to quote in full, it builds up to a delicious climax: "He proceeded (the course of thought is normal in ruin-viewers) to reflect on the destruction of past greatness—Assyria, Chaldea, Persia, Jerusalem, Phoenicia, Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Sidon and the rest, all fallen. 'Grand Dieu, d'où viennent de si funestes révoltes?'" One day, perhaps, some traveller would be sitting on the banks of the Seine or the Thames among ruins equally silent, and would weep alone over the ashes of nations and the memory of their grandeur. At this point Volney's own eyes filled and, covering his head with his cloak, he gave himself up to sombre meditations on human affairs . . . in fact, by the time he descended again into Palmyra, his book was practically written." But Miss Macaulay has other moods. Writing of the ruined abbeys and priories of Britain, she is "moved to rage; the rage, only more bitter and personal, that assaults the mind at the sight of the churches and monasteries of Spain destroyed in periodic fits of Iberian anti-clerical fury. The destruction of the British abbeys was a crime for which there was not even that excuse; cold greed and rapacity are motives less respectable." All this makes a very good book indeed. But I am still wondering whether we are quite as rapturous about ruins as we were, before what Miss Macaulay calls our "fearful and fragmented age" provided us with ruins on an almost indigestible scale. As we gaze on the cities of London, Coventry and Berlin, the fine edge of our *Ruinenlust* is somehow turned and blunted.

Miss Nancy Price's reminiscences, "Into an Hour-Glass" (Museum Press; 15s.), are very pleasantly set out on a "Happy Families" basis; that is to say, she groups into separate chapters her memories of Royal persons, actors and the stage, writers, politicians, and religious leaders. Those who want to know what she feels about animals will find their curiosity satisfied in Chapter Six, and those who would like to hear about her friendships may turn to Chapter Five. There is even a single chapter devoted exclusively to escapes and escapades—some of them of a more than sufficiently hair-raising nature. I thoroughly commend this method of writing an autobiography. Not every reader is interested in all the activities, tastes or social contacts of every public figure whose autobiography he may pick up, and it is nice to know where to go for honey. Miss Price, of course, is fortunate in being able to offer honey in a much wider range of taste and quality than most writers of reminiscences. For my part, I enjoyed as much as anything her childhood diaries, from which I quote the following passage: "I cannot imagine myself old. Shall I have no teeth, knotted hands, very little hair, grow bent, not able to walk, and be all wrinkled like a withered apple, be deaf, wear spectacles, sit in a high chair all day and sleep most of the time? I don't want to get old like this, the way poor Mrs. Hubble is old." That was written sixty-three years ago, and Miss Price, if she will allow me to tell her so, need not have worried!

The goose has an unenviable reputation as a foolish and ungainly bird, and I believe that it is very largely due to Mr. Peter Scott that it has been re-established in modern minds as a creature of beauty and sagacity. He and Mr. James Fisher, the well-known broadcaster, have now given us "A Thousand Geese" (Collins; 21s.), and we cannot but admire the heights of endurance and discomfort to which the pursuit of specimens—in this case the pink-footed goose—will take the naturalist. The expedition is described as "happy and successful," and it certainly seems to have been so, not only because the pink-footed goose was found, in the central desert of Iceland, but because the small team appear each to have been possessed of as much charm as enthusiasm.

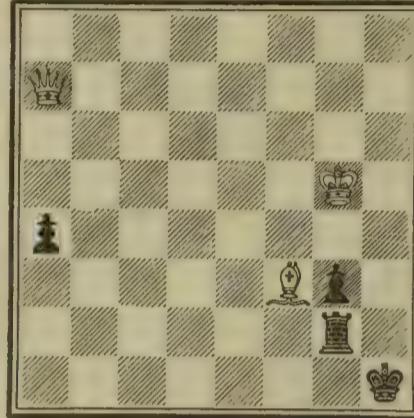
Miss Mary Gallati's account of Australia, "My Lowdown on Down-Under" (Hutchinson; 15s.), is an interesting and objective picture of that continent—timely, too, because of the Queen's visit. Miss Gallati has the journalist's eye. Some of her generalisations strike the uninitiated as being a trifle superficial; others seem to ring a bell. I can well conceive, for instance, that "Australia is a perfect teenage country with its barbecues, outdoor facilities, indoor entertainments, attendance of night-clubs at an early age, and abundant sports, but that the adult youth seek a deeper meaning for their existence."

"Our Virgin Island," by Robb White (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), is well worth reading. An American and his wife set off by boat to the British Virgin Islands, and there establish themselves. Their gusto is magnificent. None of the cobwebs of our "fearful and fragmented age" can survive its breezes.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

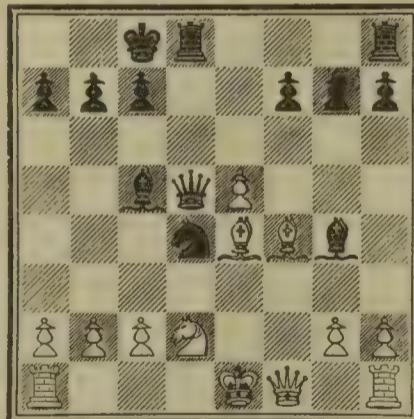
THIS week's fare consists of a lovely problem, by Eckhardt and Palatz, and a game which ends in a mate as beautiful as any problem's.



In the problem (above), White (playing up the board) is to play and mate on his third move against any defence. Don't look at the solution below until you have devoted to it at least an hour of keen study—and I mean an hour!

The game was played in Yugoslavia recently; a Vienna Opening:

White	Black	White	Black
TAGIROV	JANOSEVIC	TAGIROV	JANOSEVIC
1. P-K4	P-K4	8. Kt-B3	B-QB4
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	9. B-KB4	B-KKt5
3. P-B4	P-Q4	10. Q-K2?	Kt-Q5
4. BP×P	Kt×P	11. Q-B1	Q-Q4
5. Kt×Kt	P×Kt	12. Kt-Q2	Castles (Q)
6. P-Q4	P×P e.p.	13. B-K4	
7. B×P	Kt-B3		



Now, reckons White, Black's queen must move. It does!

13. Q×Bch!!! 14. Kt×Q Kt×P mate!

The key-move to the problem is 1. B-R8!, the main variation being 1. . . . K-R7; 2. Q-Q. Kt7, R-Kt8; 3. Q-KR7 mate. No other first move will do; I'd be happy to tell you why, if you are not convinced.

breeding-ground of the pink-footed goose was found, in the central desert of Iceland, but because the small team appear each to have been possessed of as much charm as enthusiasm.

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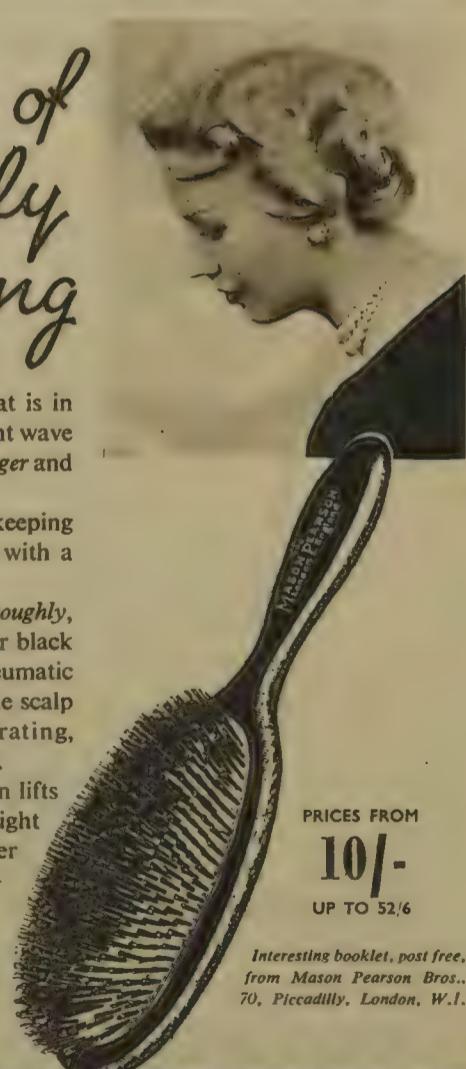
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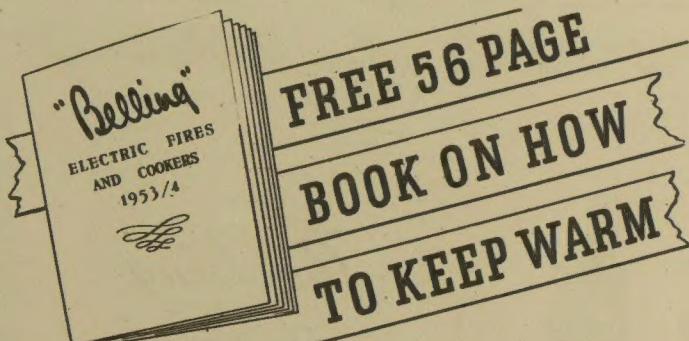
Is there a
HENNESSY
in the House?

There are
LITTLE ONES
to suit
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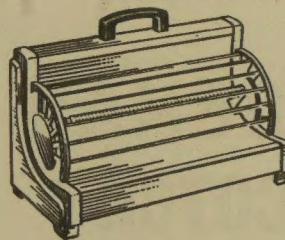


 **HIGHLAND QUEEN**
SCOTCH WHISKY

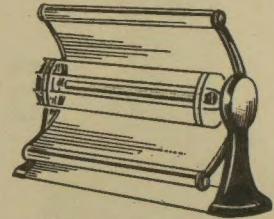
MACDONALD & MUIR LTD., DISTILLERS, LEITH, SCOTLAND



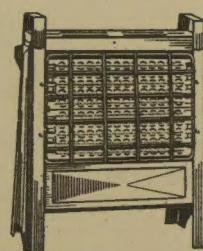
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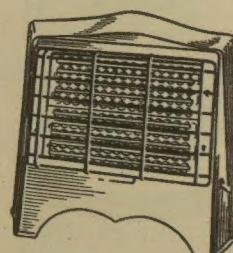
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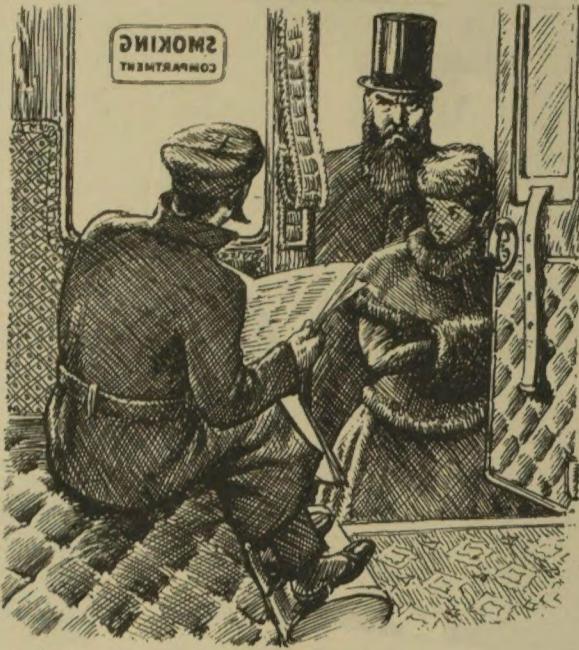


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"I PRESUME THE LADY IS AWARE THIS IS A SMOKING COMPARTMENT?"

"THE LADY IS WELL AWARE OF THE FACT, SIR; AND BEING MY WIFE, SHE KNOWS BETTER THAN TO OBJECT."

[More likely the Good Lady is mutely envious of his Great Fortune in being able to enjoy, during the Journey, the Exceptional Delight of a "THREE CASTLES" Cigarette—a Delight which she, heretofore, has been able to pursue only in the Privacy of her Boudoir.



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It's always been
THE "THREE CASTLES"
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under the same family pro-
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25 & 27 Forth Street,
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Mon cher Oncle,
MY DEAR UNCLE,
Je vous écris pour vous rappeler
 I AM WRITING TO YOU TO REMIND YOU OF
La Saint-Valentin et la
 ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AND THE
bouteille de Dubonnet que vous
 BOTTLE OF DUBONNET WHICH YOU
avez promise à Mlle. Hortense
 PROMISED TO MLE. HORTENSE
l'été passé dans le jardin de roses.
 LAST SUMMER IN THE ROSE GARDEN.
Mlle. H., qui me donne une
 MLE H., WHO IS GIVING ME A
leçon de français, se porte bien:
 FRENCH LESSON, IS WELL.
Henri.
 HENRY.



A large bottle of Dubonnet costs 20/-

DUBONNET DOES NOT AFFECT THE LIVER

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS



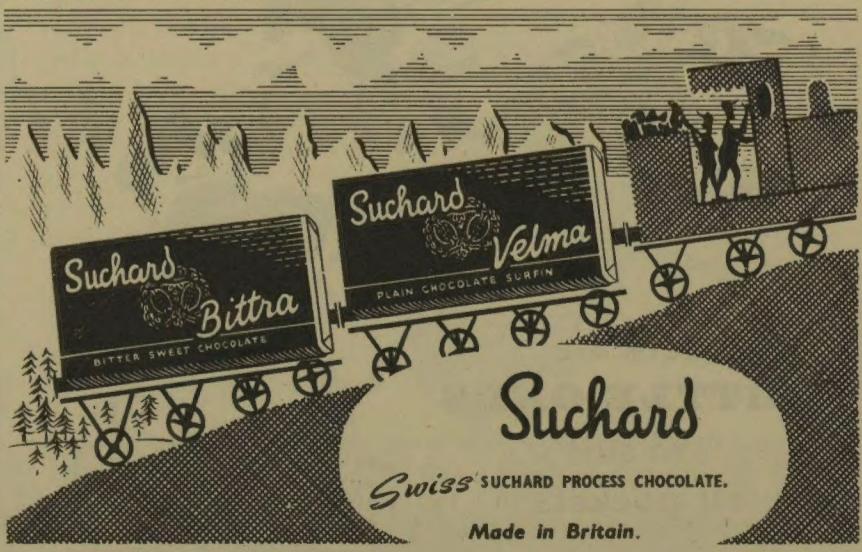
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Acid Indigestion

SO QUICK to relieve acidity
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'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
 (REGD.)
 TABLETS

30 Tablets 1/4½ • 75 Tablets 2/9 • 150 Tablets 4/9

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.



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Swiss SUCHARD PROCESS CHOCOLATE.

Made in Britain.

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD., LONDON S.E.16

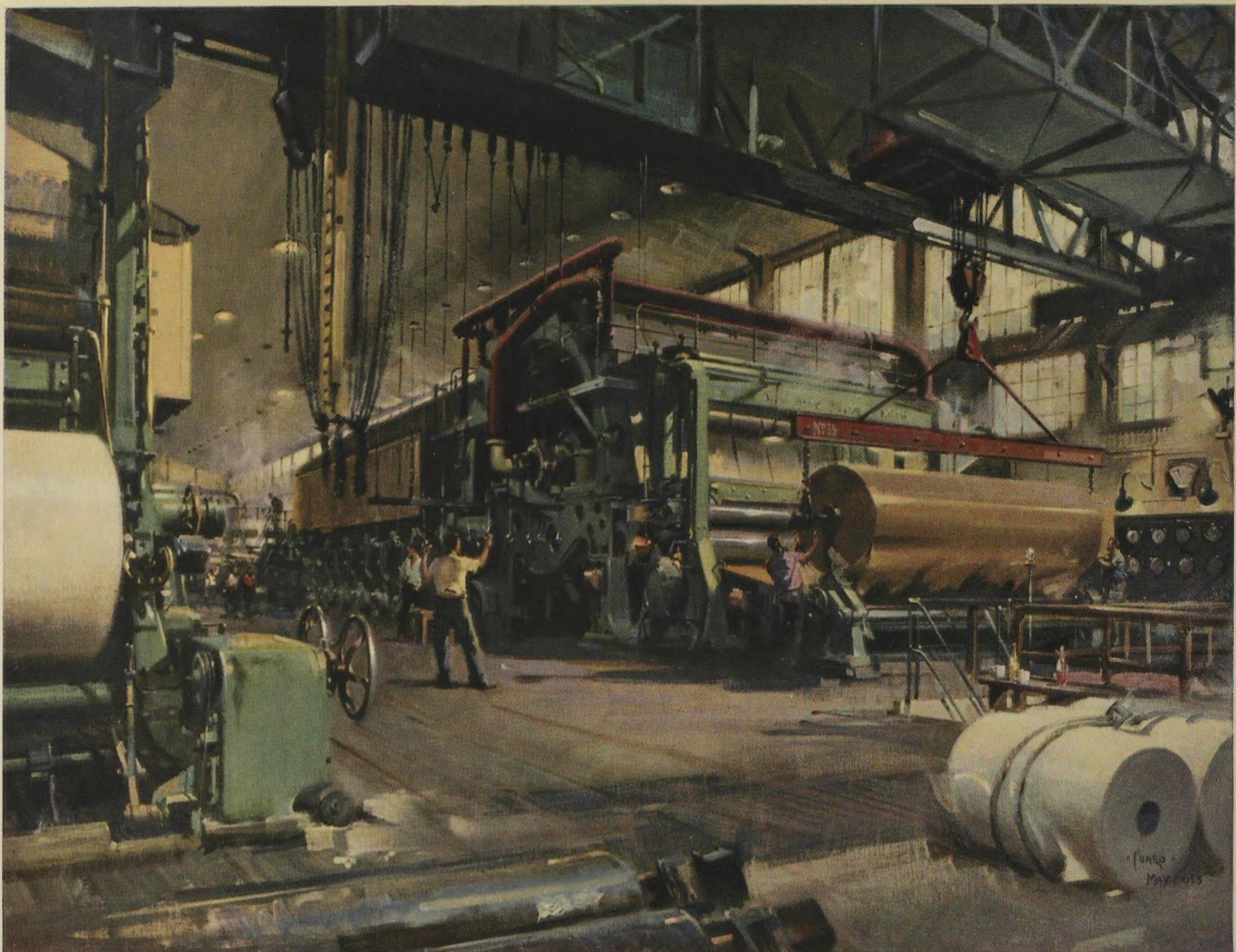
Great stuff this



Great shots! Great flukes! Crackle of wit! And, of course, Bass!

Clear glowing amber capped with snowy-white—that's a vintage beer after careful pouring. Clean tang a man can relish on his tongue—that's sun-ripened English hops for flavour. A feeling of good fellowship, a genial warmth—that's the strength and goodness of malt. Great stuff indeed! And English sportsmen have enjoyed Bass Red Triangle since it was first bottled over a century ago. Call for it by name and mind how you pour it.





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It couldn't be done, said experts in other countries, when the Reed Paper Group prepared in 1929 to make kraft paper on a new, wide machine—far wider than any other mill had ever used and nearly 100 yards long. But after two years of patient and searching experiment British paper technology and craftsmanship had triumphed, and Aylesford Kraft began to flow into the world, as it flows to-day from modern machines like the one shown, in reels up to twenty feet wide. To make possible this everyday miracle and to maintain the unvarying strength

and quality for which Aylesford Kraft is now well known, only the finest and purest kraft pulp is used. Imported from Sweden, Finland and North America, its quality and moisture-content carefully controlled, the pulp is restored, before the great machines take over, to precisely the consistency that produces the best kraft paper. From them, as a result, comes the true kraft paper that is unsurpassed in its fitness for so many purposes—for bags, wrappings, multi-wall sacks. This is why Aylesford Kraft is now in such widespread demand.



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